

The Sketch

No. 680.—Vol. LIII.

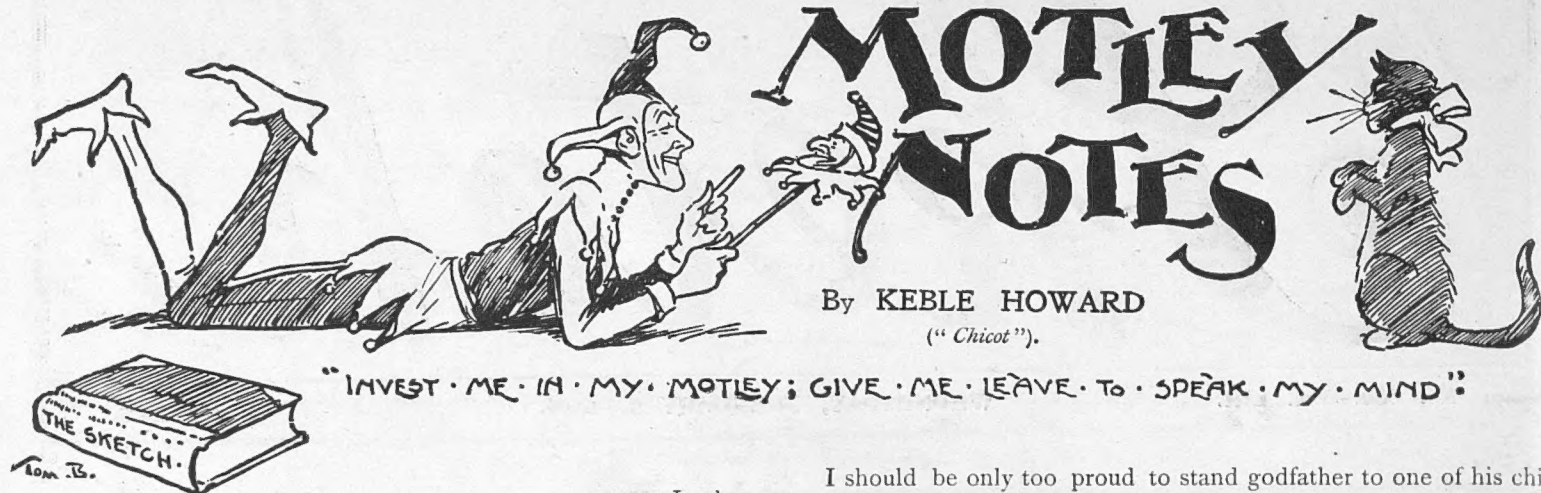
WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1906.

SIXPENCE.



CUPID UP TO DATE: MISS GABRIELLE RAY AS LADY DOROTHY CONGRESS IN "THE LITTLE CHERUB,"
AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.



TALKING of booksellers—just now I happen to be particularly interested in booksellers, but it would be shocking bad form, of course, to tell you the reason—has it ever occurred to you, friend the reader, that an author who desires to prolong the struggle for existence a little is peculiarly dependent on the whims and fancies of booksellers? Just to show you what I mean, I will recount (that means “tell,” but I’ve used “tell” higher up) a short story. It is a true story: I swear it. And it didn’t happen to me, so you needn’t think I’m feeling malicious about it. Very well, then. A well-known publisher had trouble about something or other with a well-known bookseller. (The name of the district in which the bookseller lives is a dead secret.) When next the publisher’s traveller called on that bookseller with an advance copy of a forthcoming book, the bookseller declined to have anything to do with it.

“But the public are sure to ask for it,” urged the traveller.

“Don’t care,” snapped the bookseller.

Now this publisher was the kind of publisher who takes as much trouble to sell a book as the author takes in writing it. Putting on his best hat, therefore, his best coat, his best boots, his best trousers, his best gloves, and all the other expensive articles of wearing apparel that publishers can afford, he went to see that well-known bookseller and asked him what the (word used by publishers when strictly necessary) he meant by it.

“I mean,” retorted the bookseller, “that I don’t like you.”

“But you may like the book,” argued the publisher. “It is a delightful book. My wife has read it five times.”

“Don’t care,” said the bookseller. You will observe, I hope, that this time he didn’t snap. He was thinking, I expect, that business was business.

“Look here,” argued the publisher—that angel with an umbrella—“take thirteen copies and see what you do with them.”

“All right,” grumbled the bookseller, looking awfully spoilt and sulky.

So the publisher sent the bookseller the thirteen copies. But when the bookseller saw the name of the publisher on the parcel his heart hardened within him, and he called, in a sharp voice, to his chief assistant.

“Albert!” he called.

Albert was an intelligent man, and very obedient. He had a large family.

“Yes, Sir,” he replied, gliding forward with one hundred and four copies of (space for advertisement) in his arms.

“Albert,” the bookseller directed, “here are thirteen copies of (terms on application). You needn’t undo the parcel. Put it on a high shelf and forget about it.”

This Albert did, and I may point out to you in passing that with the private conscience of Albert we have no concern. It will be sufficient if I hurry on to the end of this sad story.

Two or three months later, the well-known publisher, finding himself near the business premises of the well-known bookseller, popped in to see whether he would like a further supply of “Terms on Application.” The bookseller grinned.

“Haven’t sold a single copy,” he announced triumphantly.

“Nonsense!”

“Albert, get down that dusty parcel on the top shelf. There! You can see for yourself that it has never been opened. Good morning.”

The publisher went home and found fault with the Irish stew.

I should like to explain (in capital letters if it were not that the printer would say they looked ugly) that the majority of booksellers would never dream of doing anything like that, and that the bookseller of the story never did it before and has never done it since.

I should be only too proud to stand godfather to one of his children. As for Albert, he is the cleverest and most deserving chief assistant in the business. (You will gather that I, for one, am anxious to prolong the struggle for existence a little.)

Are you ever indiscreet, friend the reader? It is an expensive form of amusement. For example, you may possibly remember that I had something to say last week about Press-clipping agencies. (Eh? Oh, yes. I’ve been indiscreet ever since I’ve been anything.) I described a Press-clipping agency, rather neatly, as “a cynical institution which panders to the folly of public characters by clipping insults out of the newspapers and selling them at the rate of one hundred and twenty-five for a guinea.” (The beauty of quoting yourself is that you get paid, for that bit, twice over.) I then went on to say that compliments, being harder to find, were more expensive. This preposterously foolish paragraph has brought me a prompt reply from my own Press-clipping agents. They write: “We thank you for your clever definition of a Press-clipping agency, and note that you are prepared to pay a higher price for real compliments.” That comes of trying to be funny on subjects of real importance. The letter then grows interesting. It says: “Miss Balfour collects and indexes all cuttings mentioning her brother, so that he may know the exact words he used at this or that meeting. Some politicians find this even more necessary.” That’s what I call a good letter, and the terse, businesslike phraseology of course heightens the effect. But, kind gentlemen, please don’t be hard with me. If anybody should happen to pay me a compliment, promise that you will put it in at the usual price! I should so like to have it.

My Press-clipping agents were also good enough to send me a Press-clipping (I presume as a gift) from the *Glasgow Herald* on the subject of Press-clippings. There is a good deal about Mr. Bernard Shaw in the article—as there are in most articles nowadays. It seems that Mr. Shaw subscribed to an American Press-clipping agency, with the result that he was presently cured of vanity, curiosity, and ambition, and learnt that modesty and retirement were sweeter, easier, and much cheaper than publicity. I suppose that accounts for the fact that I have not seen a column by Mr. Shaw in any daily paper about one of his own plays for nearly a fortnight. That American agency, by the way, ought to specialise. Obscure little people, such as ourselves, friend the reader, can hardly repay them for the trouble of searching the newspapers; but when they come to handle the great folk—you will immediately think of Mr. Bernard Shaw and Miss Marie Corelli—it must mean money. Why, they sent Mr. Shaw scores and scores of paragraphs about his whiskers alone! He says so, according to this writer in the *Glasgow Herald*. It all reminds me of a caricature by Mr. Max Beerbohm that appeared in *The Sketch* three or four years ago. Mr. Shaw was shown in his library. All about him were philosophical works. The Great Egotist was sitting back in a deep chair, reading. Reading what? Something by one of the other philosophers? No, for his expression was complacent. One of his own works, then? No. Just a long, narrow slip—evidently a cutting from a newspaper. The title of the caricature was “The Life Literary.”

An American writer who has been visiting Stratford-on-Avon with a party of American friends expresses surprise because they found the people “more particular in pointing out Marie Corelli’s house than in showing us over the museum into which Shakspeare’s house has been converted.” I have only two comments to make on this paragraph. The first is that Shakspeare’s house has not been converted into a museum (I think it extremely unlikely that Miss Corelli would allow such a thing). And the second is that the Stratford-on-Avon guides know their business. People are always more interested, you see, in the homes of literary celebrities with whose works they are familiar.

PHOTOGRAPHIC PROOF OF THE ROYAL BETROTHAL
THAT DOES NOT EXIST OFFICIALLY



PRINCESS ENA OF BATTENBERG AND KING ALFONSO.

This photograph was taken at the express desire of King Alfonso, who is evidently not averse from having his betrothal publicly announced, although it has not been notified officially.
Stereograph copyrighted by Underwood and Underwood, London and New York.

THE CLUBMAN.

*The Dead King—Monarchs in Shirt-Sleeves—Too Much Thorvaldsen—
"Hamlet's Grave"—Röskilde—"Defaulter Books"—The Japanese
Alliance and the British Army.*

NOW that King Christian is dead, there will disappear one of the simplest and most unaffected of home circles, for Frederick VIII. can hardly be expected to become such a rallying-point for his relatives who wear the great crowns of Europe as his father was. No little coterie of business men freed from the City for a day or two could amuse themselves at some up-river spot with more freedom and more appreciation of the joy of life than did the Emperors and Kings who foregathered under the roof of Fredensborg, King Christian's country palace. The Tsar of Russia in his shirt-sleeves, carrying a tiny Princess pickaback through the woods; the Kaiser and our own King, who is a great child-lover, romping with the babies, made part of one of the most homely as well as the most august gatherings that Europe has known.

Röskilde, the cathedral in which the dead King will sleep his last sleep, impressed me more than any other building I saw in Denmark, and yet it is not one of the "sights" which the stranger in the land usually sees. I went there in revolt against too much Thorvaldsen. During the three or four days I spent in Copenhagen a couple of years ago, I never seemed able to get away from Thorvaldsen and his works.

At last, in open revolt against Thorvaldsen, I asked a Dane where I could go and see something which the sculptor had not executed or suggested, and he advised me to go to Marienlyst, the Brighton of Denmark, one afternoon, and to Röskilde, to see the sarcophagi of the Kings, the next. To Marienlyst I went, and was pleased at seeing Hamlet's grave—a most excellent specimen of what Hamlet had been buried there, and a sight thoroughly satisfying to the American tourist; and the next day to Röskilde, where the old town and the venerable cathedral, with the metal coffins of the Kings in its chapels, was the most impressive of all the churches I saw in the Northern capitals, more magnificent in its solemnity than all the golden wonders of the Kremlin fanes.

The Duke of Connaught is, I am glad to see, running afield against the "Defaulter Books." A "Defaulter Book" is the record

man, once he has "dirtied his sheet," thinks that it is no use trying any longer to be a model soldier. The remedy is, of course, easy to find, and is that only really serious offences should be recorded in the "Defaulter Books," trifling military misdemeanours and the punishments for them being noted in some other manner.

Personal experience counts in these things, and I never had a more contented and willing set of men under me than I had many years ago out on the South African veldt, when, being absolutely free from the bonds of red tape for a while, I put my men into corduroy, to save their uniforms, paying for this and a good supply of riding-boots out of a fund derived from the sale of captured cattle, and put the defaulter sheets at the bottom of a portmanteau and forgot their existence. To give a man three days' "confinement to camp" when we had no camp and were marching all day was to give the man no real punishment, but was to record something which might hurt him six years after he had committed a small breach of discipline.

My punishments were of such rough-and-ready order that the men disliked them at the moment, and their fellows laughed at them. The temptation of drink when we came anywhere near one of the veldt villages was the one great stumbling-block to my warriors. If a man got drunk, the guard ducked him in the nearest river or waterpool until he was sober enough to march, and the next trek, fifteen miles or so, he had to tramp, leading his horse, a corporal riding by him to see he did it. The chaff of the troop, very sore feet, and an aching head did more to persuade him that "Cape Smoke" was not a healthy drink than a line of writing and a figure in red ink on his defaulter sheet would have done.

Whether General Terauchi, the Japanese Minister of War, answered the Japanese M.P. who asked about the military arrangements between his country and ours quite wisely is, I suppose, a matter of doubt. Whether the General was diplomatically "correct" or not, it is just as well that we Britons should remember that Alliances bring responsibilities with them, and that we now have a remarkably efficient Ally watching interestedly the permanent muddle in which our military organisation seems to be. We have the greatest British soldier of the age telling the country that the nation is no more prepared for war now than it was when Mr. Kruger figuratively gave us a slap in the face, and appealing in vain for £100,000 to teach the village lads how to hold a rifle straight. We have War Minister after War Minister trying to make a foot of cloth cover a yard of space, and now we get an inkling as to what our Allies think of our military organisation. I have no doubt that the diplomats



Photo. Campbell-Gray.

ACTRESS OR SHOW-GIRL? MISS ETHEL
KARRI THOMAS, THE GIBSON GIRL.

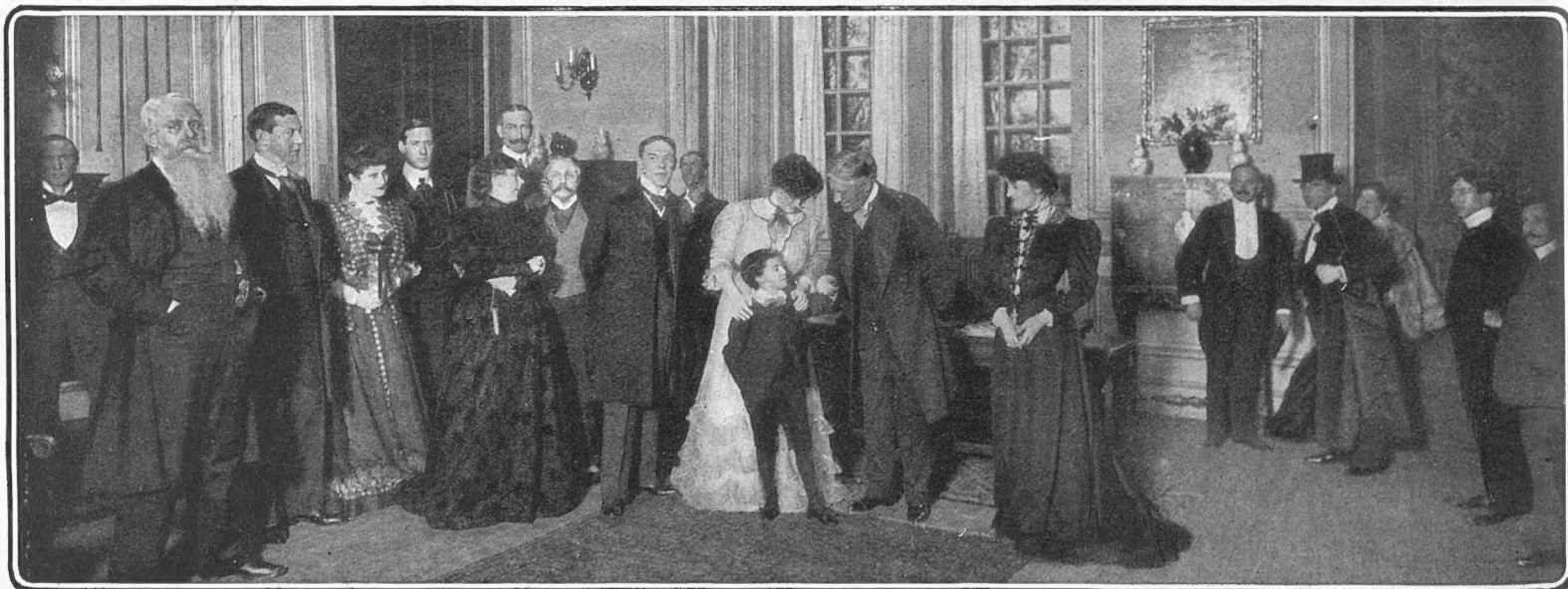
Miss Thomas, who was a Gibson Girl in "The Catch of the Season," was dismissed with a fortnight's notice, and claimed damages on the ground that she was an actress, and as such, having been engaged for the play, was engaged for its London run. The case turned on the question as to whether Miss Thomas was to be classed professionally as an actress or as a show-girl or chorus-girl. The jury disagreed, and were discharged.

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Mr. E. Lyall Swete (Sir Daniel Ridgeley). Mr. C. M. Lowne (Pryce Ridgeley).

Mr. Dawson Milward (Major Maurewarde). Mr. R. Horton (Harding). Mr. Nigel Playfair (Dr. Dinott).

Mr. George Alexander (Hilary Jesson). Miss Irene Vanbrugh (Nina).



Miss M. Chevalier (Mlle. Thomé).

Miss Bella Pateman (Lady Ridgeley).

Mr. Herbert Waring (Filmer Jesson, M.P.).

Miss Iris Hawkins (Derek Jesson).

Miss Beryl Faber (Geraldine Ridgeley).

Mr. Pinero

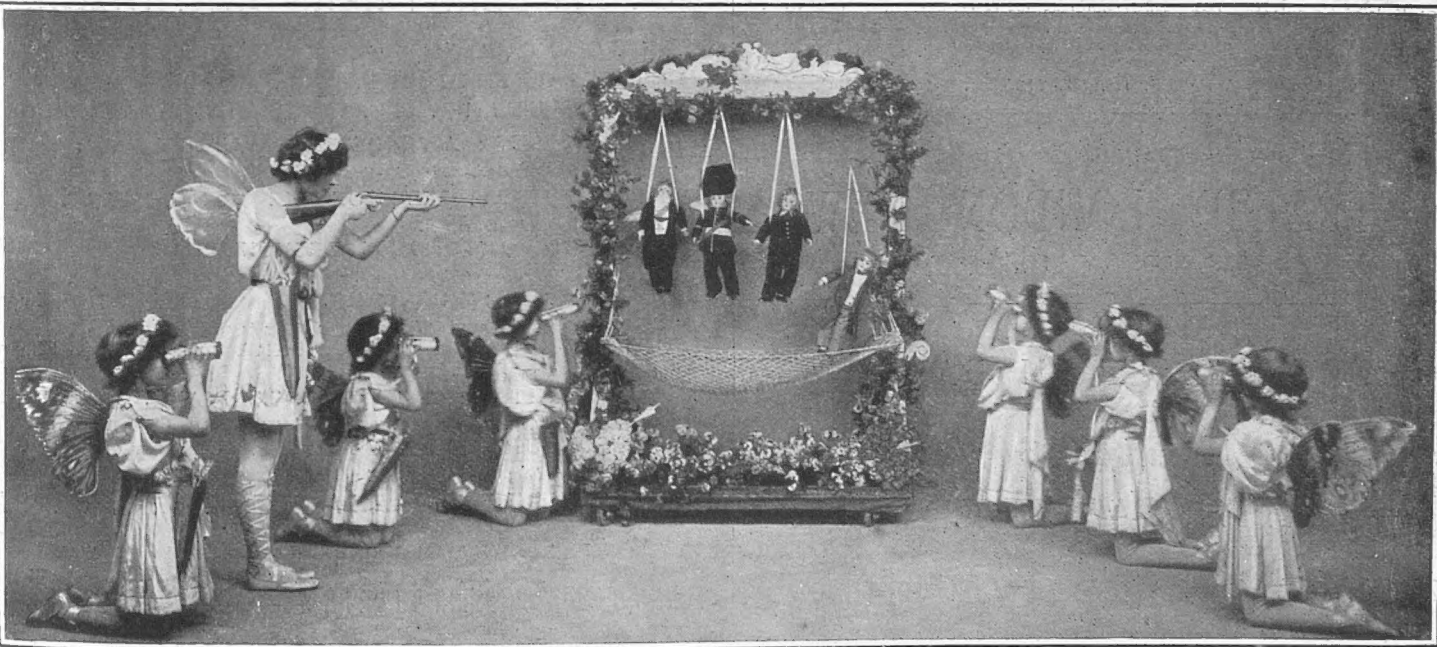
"HIS HOUSE IN ORDER," AT THE ST. JAMES'S: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT THE FINAL REHEARSAL.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

of all the offences, great and small, which are committed by the men of a squadron or battery or company, and every man has his sheet therein. Some small offence committed by a soldier in the early years of his service may, if recorded in the book, prevent him from obtaining an "exemplary" character when he leaves, and often a

will prove that General Terauchi intended no slight upon this country by his answer to his questioner; but if some Japanese General would give his views on the British Army in the same friendly and critical spirit that General Ian Hamilton has written of the Japanese Army it would do us a lot of good.

MISS GABRIELLE RAY SHOOTS A "STOCKBROKER,"
A "PEER," AND OTHERS.



LADY DOROTHY (MISS GABRIELLE RAY) AT CUPID'S RIFLE-RANGE IN "THE LITTLE CHERUB,"
AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

Young Cupid has dropped his arrows,
And bought a pretty little gun.
He does not go shooting sparrows,

But little lovers one by one.
He has set up a range for rifles,
Where the ladies have a shot.

As the guns go pop,
The dollies drop—
The winners look at what they've got!

[Dorothy fires. A stockbroker falls.]

Photographs by the Play Pictorial.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

MR. TREE.

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NERO.By Stephen Phillips.
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THE

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

FEBRUARY 10.

CHURCH RIOTS IN PARIS.

UNKNOWN TURNERS AT THE
TATE GALLERY.

THE NEW RED-SEA RAILWAY.

WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA.

A QUARTER OF A CENTURY UNDER ONE MANAGER.

THERE are few companies in the provinces, at all events among those which have a reputation among West-End playgoers, which remain under one manager for twenty-five years. This, however, is the case with the Compton Comedy Company, which keeps this noteworthy anniversary to-day. To mark the occasion, which is celebrated at Aberdeen, there is to be a special revival of Lord Lytton's play, "Money"; while it is proposed to present Mr. Compton with a portrait of himself as David Garrick, a part he has played probably as often as Sir Charles Wyndham himself. The Compton Comedy Company certainly deserves well of the playgoing public, for it shares with Mr. Benson's company the distinction of having trained many actors who have won favour under the best managements in London.

NEW SIX-SHILLING NOVELS.**CASTE AND CREED.**

By F. E. PENNY, Author of "The Sanyasi," "Dilys," &c.

The heroine is a girl half of the East and half of the West, who is brought up as a child in India under more or less Hindu influence, and as a girl in England under Christian influence. On her return to India she becomes the centre of a conflict of religious ideals, in which a Brahmin who is highly educated in a Western way takes a prominent part.

HUGO:**A Fantasia on Modern Themes.**

By ARNOLD BENNETT, Author of "The Grand Babylon Hotel."

"Thrilling, original, and highly sensational. . . . The reader is carried breathlessly on, now amused, now perplexed, now delighted: always interested, always wondering what is to happen next. . . . The workings of the vast organism are displayed so realistically that it is difficult to remember that it exists only in the imagination of the author."—TRIBUNE.

"Beyond doubt, amazingly exciting. 'Hugo' is full of originality, and raises the sensational novel to the level of an artistic achievement. No one but Mr. Bennett has done that since Stevenson died."—MORNING LEADER.

NATURE'S VAGABOND, &c.

By COSMO HAMILTON, Author of "Duke's Son."

"Nature's Vagabond" deals with the gradual sinking into vagabondage of a distinguished Oxford man, and his return to respectability after receiving a severe buffeting in the rough-and-tumble of life. Some of the other stories are gay and in the spirit of comedy, and some are grave and in the spirit of tragedy.

FOR LIFE—AND AFTER.

By GEORGE R. SIMS.

[Feb. 8.]

"For Life—and After" is the romance of an innocent woman who suffered the terrible penalty of Penal Servitude for Life, and who has—when she receives her licence to return to the world—wealth at her command, but is separated from the husband she loves and the daughter she adores. The story strongly illustrates the peril of conviction on circumstantial evidence, and will cause the reader to recall a celebrated case on which opinion is still sharply divided.

London: CHATTO and WINDUS, 111, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

NOVELS BEING READ AND DISCUSSED.**JACK LONDON**, Author of "The Call of the Wild," &c.:

TALES OF THE FISH PATROL.

FRANK SAVILE and **A. E. T. WATSON**: FATE'S INTRUDER.**ESTHER MILLER**: A VENDETTA IN VANITY FAIR.

"An excellent little serio-comedy."—STANDARD.

LAURENCE MOTT: JULES OF THE GREAT HEART.

"A vigorous novel."—OUTLOOK.

MARIE VAN VORST: MISS DESMOND.

"A true and discerning study."—THE TIMES.

GEORGE MOORE: THE LAKE.

(2nd Impression.)

"So finely written that one must class it with prose poems."—THE TIMES

MRS. BELLOC-LOWNDES: BARBARA REBELL. (2nd Impression.)

"A fine novel."—SPECTATOR.

S. MACNAUGHTAN: A LAME DOG'S DIARY. (2nd Impression.)

"Reminds us of 'Cranford'—exquisitely graceful."—SPECTATOR.

LLOYD OSBOURNE: BABY BULLET: The Motor of Destiny.

"A charming and amusing sketch."—ATHENÆUM

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SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE nation has shown deep, spontaneous sympathy with the Queen in her great loss. Her Majesty's devotion to "her own people" never wavered, and of recent years she spent every brief holiday with her aged father. Court mourning for six weeks, the postponement of the early spring Courts, and the retirement of Queen Alexandra for a while from public functions cast a shadow over the

beginning of the social year, but all must understand the feeling that has prompted Her Majesty to cancel all her engagements.

King Frederick and Queen Louise. The new Sovereign of Denmark and his Consort will be valuable additions to the rulers of Europe and their Queens. Frederick VIII. has been trained by the best of teachers—a wise and loving father; Queen Louise was the only daughter of a King, and, born a Scandinavian Princess, she is doubly dear to her husband's people. Their Majesties are the proud parents of eight children, of whom the elder group are all happily married, their second son, Charles, being King of Norway

and son-in-law to Edward VII. Just forty-three years have gone by since the new Sovereign first visited this country. He was then twenty, a strikingly handsome young man, closely resembling his sister, the bride-Princess of Wales. He has retained, as has our own much-loved Queen, a great look of youth, and can walk, ride, and shoot as well as the youngest of his sons. Queen Louise will restore to the Danish Court some of the animation and brightness which reigned there in the lifetime of King Christian's Consort. She is the fortunate possessor of a large private fortune, which she spends in a sensible and generous manner.

Republic v. Republic. There is a good deal of

foreign capital in Venezuela—France is represented by some three millions in railways, imports, and exports; Germany by the same amount, chiefly in cocoa; and this country by a million less, in railways—but, although Germany and Great Britain are interested in it equally with France, it may be taken that the two Monarchies will permit the two Republics to settle their differences unaided. Venezuela's mobilisation is not likely to affect the end—that is readily foreseen.

Little Venice does not loom large from the naval or military point of view. Her Navy, accepting the "Statesman's Year Book" as guide, consists of three steamers, two sailing vessels, and some small gunboats—hardly force enough to figure on the Kaiser's famous list of the world's fighting fleets. Her Army, if we are to believe M. Elisée Reclus, whose statistics are quoted in the *Telegraph*, is evidently first-cousin to that of the Black Republic, Hayti. It is apparently made up, that is to say, in large measure of officers, who in the province of Caraboba alone number 7,000—a seventh of the population. The regulars total 7,600, but, as every able-bodied citizen between the ages of eighteen and forty-five must enrol himself in the National Militia, these can be brought to a fighting strength of 60,000 or thereabouts.

President Castro. At the head of all this is General Ciciriano Castro, the President. He, at all events, has seen strenuous days. Born in Tachira forty-seven years ago, and educated at the college of San Christobal, he was still a young man when he held various appointments in his native State. Then, growing ambitious as he increased in years and presumably in wisdom, he turned President Andrade out of office five years ago, and took his place. Himself the object of similar attentions a couple of years later, he subdued the insurrection engineered by General Matos. Now, if all be well, he will hold office until 1911, with, it is probable, good results to his country, which has to its credit the fact that it pays foreign claims, consolidated debt, and interest with becoming regularity. He married Doña Ziola Martinez in 1892, but has no children.

Special Coins for the Kaiser's Silver Wedding.

In commemoration of the Silver Wedding of the Kaiser and Kaiserin, the Berlin Mint is to strike some new five-mark and two-mark pieces, which, by the express desire of the Emperor, will be engraved with the portraits of the Empress and himself, and will bear the double date, 1881-1906. These coins will serve as medals in commemoration of the event, and it is expected that they will be as eagerly sought after by collectors as were Queen Victoria's Jubilee coins in England.



THE NEW KING OF DENMARK:
KING FREDERICK VIII.

His Majesty was born on June 3rd, 1843, was married in 1869, and has eight children, one of whom is the recently elected King of Norway. He has been described as the handsomest man in Denmark.

Photograph by Peter Elfelt.



THE NEW QUEEN OF DENMARK: QUEEN LOUISE.

Her Majesty is a daughter of Charles XV. of Sweden, is the wealthiest Queen in her own right, and the tallest. Some three millions of her fortune were inherited from her maternal grandfather, Prince Frederick of the Netherlands; the balance from her father. Her grandmother, the daughter of M. Clary, a Marseilles stockbroker, refused the hand of the great Napoleon in order to accept that of M. Bernadotte, afterwards adopted by King Charles XIII. as heir to the throne of Sweden.

Photograph by Peter Elfelt.

Mrs. McCalmont. Mrs. Harry McCalmont, the widow of the kindly and popular sportsman whose death comparatively soon after his marriage was a grief to his many friends, was Mrs. Atmar Fanning, and she is the mother of Lady Vivian. As a girl, Mrs. McCalmont was the prettiest of a group of lovely sisters, the others now being Mrs. Harry Lawson and Lady Crossley. Since the sudden death of Colonel McCalmont his widow has lived rather retired from the great world, where she was for some time one of the most successful of hostesses. Her brilliant house-parties at Cheveley Park were a delightful feature of Newmarket life, and she herself took part in a series of tableaux vivants which were for long remembered and discussed in the neighbourhood.

Lady Vivian.

The wife of the young Peer who so greatly distinguished himself in the South African War is one of the smartest and cleverest of twentieth-century Peeresses. Before her marriage, which took place in the summer of 1903, she was considered shy and retiring, but the transformation of Miss Barbara Fanning into Lady Vivian dowered the world with a brilliant amateur actress and a delightful hostess. Like her mother, Mrs. McCalmont, Lady Vivian is devoted to motoring. She has a little daughter, one of whose names is the uncommon one of Daphne, who was baptised in the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace—a rarely granted favour.



MRS. HARRY McCALMONT, MOTHER OF LADY VIVIAN.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

Two Topical Young Peers.

The choice of Lord Herschell and Lord O'Hagan to move and second respectively the Address in the House of Lords indicates that these two young Peers have definitely entered upon a political career. They have hereditary claims on the sympathetic interest of all Liberals. Lord Herschell's father was twice Mr. Gladstone's Lord Chancellor of England, and Lord O'Hagan's father was twice Mr. Gladstone's Lord Chancellor of Ireland. Lord Herschell will be twenty-eight in May, and he has three younger sisters. At Oxford, where he went from Eton, he was much liked, although he was at Magdalen, which has the reputation of being rather a snobbish college, the President being credited, justly or unjustly, with a marked affection for lords. While he was "up," his famous uncle, Sir John Burdon-Sanderson, whose recent death was so great a loss to science, was still Regius Professor of Medicine, and thus the young man had access to the most delightful and cultivated society in the University. For the rest, he played cricket and golf, and indulged his strong natural taste for music.

The Seconder of the Address.

Lord O'Hagan will celebrate his twenty-fourth birthday on the 20th of this month. Like so many members of the present Cabinet, he hails from "Trin. Coll. Cam." and he has enlarged his mind with travel. Last year he went with his younger sister, Miss Mary O'Hagan, to New Zealand. His mother, who has done valuable social work at Burnley, was heiress of Colonel Towneley, of Towneley Hall, in Lancashire, but she sold the old place on account of the proximity of the coal-mines, and now mother and son are established at Pyrgo Park, in Essex. Thither Lady O'Hagan brought the beautiful old furniture and panellings, as well as the pictures, from Towneley Hall, and there the coming-of-age of the heir was celebrated. It is not generally remembered that Lord O'Hagan is second cousin of the

Earl of Sefton, the new Master of the Horse. Irishmen may be interested to know that the young Peer's father became a member of the Dublin King's Inns on the certificate of Daniel O'Connell.

A Decorative Tale.

Paris has been as full of ribbons this week as an old-fashioned fair. That infinitesimal proportion of the population which is not already decorated has received its Legion of Honour or its "palms." The list covers half an acre or so in the newspaper. Generally, it means champagne and congratulations; but it may mean the other thing. It did to a certain gentleman in the South of France—these things always happen in the South. The person in question had ornamented his buttonhole with the rosette of an "Officier" in the Legion of Honour, and, in consequence, had a large credit with his grocer, and was looked up to by his concierge. Now it happened that our "Officier" performed a deed of valour—rescuing an old man from a burning house. His name was submitted by the proud Departmental Prefect to the Ministry of the Interior. In opening his paper the other day the man of valour discovered to his horror that he had been nominated "Chevalier" in the Legion of Honour. As "Chevalier" is a lower grade than "Officier," some little explanation imposes. M. le Décoré went away to Paris to see about it, and has not yet returned. He is not likely to: the South is too hot for his health just now.

Relics of the Japanese War.

Those who have any old rifles, fragments of shells, torn bits of flags, or battered bayonets are recommended to send them to New York, where a brisk trade is being done in relics of the Russo-Japanese War. Buyers are not pedantically particular about the authenticity of the relics they purchase, and four shillings are readily obtained for a Russian uniform-button, six shillings for an old cartridge-case, a sovereign for a cartridge-belt, up to four hundred pounds for a flag. But the stock is beginning to run short, and all the old military rubbish of Europe is eagerly welcomed by the sellers of curios. After all, there is

nothing surprising about this when it is remembered that thousands of bullets are buried every year on the field of Waterloo, to be dug up by enterprising guides and sold to guileless tourists as souvenirs of the great battle.

A Petticoat Peril.

Paris used to talk a great deal about the Yellow Peril. She has begun again, because this is the title of a new play at the Vaudeville. But, theatre apart, there is another peril—really serious this time. It is the feminine peril. Consider how woman is gaining her way in Paris. It's dreadful—for the mere male. The other day, a beautiful young girl of nineteen, a student in law, lectured before



LADY VIVIAN AND HER DAUGHTER.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

a whole roomful of people on woman's place in Russian fiction and Russian society. She took people's breath away with her eloquence and her winning charm. Some day she will be a barrister and plead before the court. Then her learned friend on the other side, if he happen to be in trousers, will stand no earthly chance. But we forget! Perhaps the magistrate will be a woman. In that circumstance, especially if the learned counsel has decent features and a "killing" moustache, he may yet pull it off—not the moustache, of course, but the case. Nevertheless, it is a real, real peril, this peril in petticoats.



THE LADY PRESIDENT OF A RUSSIAN ANTI-IMMORALITY ORGANISATION: Mlle. TERKASSKA.

Mlle. Terkasska, the popular Russian actress, has been elected lady president of the recently formed Russian Church-Stage Society, an Anti-Immorality League. The society is under the direct patronage of the Tsaritsa.

Photograph by the Exclusive News Agency.

Masters of Millions.

When Arkwright declared that by his invention he would pay off the National Debt, he little thought that the day would come when National Debts would vastly increase, and that the wealth of individuals would be swollen in still greater proportion. The much for the few becomes more and more the order. Cecil Rhodes once said to Mr. Stead: "One hundred years hence, when I look down from the sky at this little planet, I shall find that it has passed into the hands of a Hebrew financier." Americans will not agree to the likelihood of any such suggestion. Large millionaires and lesser millionaires grow wild in the States; they map out the land and apportion so many millionaires to each State. That, no doubt, is satisfactory to the millionaires of heavier metal, who proceed to absorb the enterprises of the smaller men. They say there that their two top-weight magnates are financially the equal of any fifteen

men in the Old Country. The Rothschilds, the Beits, and others who make England their home do not advertise; but these, with the Duke of Westminster, the Guinness family, and the landowners who possess properties in London and the provincial cities, make a fair show.

Some Figures.

The Matin appealed to Mr. Rockefeller last year to pay Japan the indemnity she demanded of Russia; but he did not see his way to complying. He might have done so and not been beggared. He has a capital of £100,000,000 and an annual income of £5,000,000; while Mr. Rockefeller junior calls eight millions his own. Mr. J. J. Astor is good for twenty-five millions sterling and a revenue of a million; sums equalled by his namesake in England, Mr. W. W. Astor. Here is a Wall Street estimate of the fortunes of some of her most principal and mighty lions: Mr. Carnegie, £60,000,000; Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt,



THE AUTOMATIC-MACHINE PORTRAIT THAT HAS LED TO A LAW CASE: THE LATE MME. DURAND.

Mme. Durand died a few months after her marriage, and her husband recently discovered that the portrait here given was obtainable from an automatic machine for two sous. M. Durand demands the suppression of the photograph and 500 francs damages.

Photograph by the Exclusive News Agency.

over £20,000 a year; in America they want to do pretty much the same with their millionaires. But the thought of Mr. Rockefeller starving on £100,000 a week, the sum proposed, is too awful; the iconoclastic hand has been stayed.

Algieras as Eden. Whatever may be the intrigues and struggles going on in the conference-chamber at Algieras, all is peace and quietness outside. The diplomatists stroll about in the most friendly manner and seem to be the best of friends. The weather is like a warm May day in England, and the steamers from Gibraltar bring grave-looking Moors and smart ladies who pursue the diplomatists with their cameras. In the gallery of one of the hotels there is a large telescope, mounted on a tripod, which is directed at Gibraltar, and is all day long surrounded by people who are anxious to see what is going on at the celebrated fortress.



THE SECOND MRS. BROWN POTTER: THE LADY WHO, IT IS ALLEGED, WISHES MRS. BROWN POTTER TO CHANGE HER NAME.

It is said that the second Mrs. James Brown Potter is desirous of being the only one of the name, and that she has requested Mrs. Brown Potter, the well-known actress, to change her name. Mrs. Brown Potter the first is reported to have asked £50,000 as compensation for doing this. Mr. James Brown Potter is, of course, the divorced husband of the actress. The second Mrs. Brown Potter was a Miss May Handy.

Photograph by G. G. Bain.

£25,000,000; Mr. G. J. Gould, £20,000,000; Mr. W. A. Clark, £20,000,000; Mr. J. P. Morgan, £10,000,000; Mr. D. O. Mills, £15,000,000; Mr. H. C. Frick, £12,000,000; Mr. H. M. Flagler, £12,000,000; Mr. Russell Sage, £5,000,000. The figures do not profess to be authentic returns, but probably they go as near the mark as our Income Tax returns. What do these men do with their money? Some leave it to those who have not sown. Others bequeath it to successors not their direct heirs. The inventor of the Armstrong gun was one of the childless millionaires; Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild was another, and Baron Hirsch a third. But, as it is now popular to be a millionaire, it is fashionable also to make use of one's wealth for the benefit of one's fellows. Americans found universities, scientific colleges, and laboratories. They really have a noble record for the last ten or fifteen years. In England the merchant princes are moved to as generous courses; heads of noble families never, or hardly ever, claim attention for excessive philanthropy. Then posterity has to be considered. Mr. Barnes, of Glasgow, has a proposal to take from a man all income



THE D'ORSAY OF SIAM: H.R.H. KROM LUANG DEWAWONGSE, FOREIGN MINISTER TO THE KING OF SIAM.

H.R.H. Krom Luang Dewawongse is Foreign Minister to the King of Siam, and is especially proud of his European appearance, which has given him the position of the greatest dandy in Siam. His recent visit to Singapore aroused considerable interest.

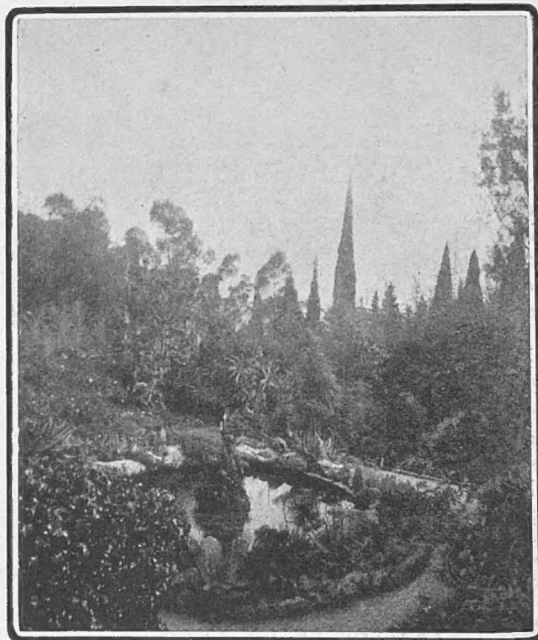
Photograph by G. R. Lambert and Co.



THE MONARCH WHO PRESENTED EDIBLE BIRDS' NESTS TO THE KING: THE SULTAN OF SAMBASS.

The Sultan's Christmas present to the King was perhaps the greatest novelty in the way of gifts that his Majesty has received. Sambass is on the west coast of Borneo. In 1812 the British attacked it, but were repulsed. In the following year they defeated the Sultan's troops.

Photograph by G. R. Lambert and Co.



THE GIFT OF A QUEEN VICTORIA MEMORIAL HALL TO MENTONE: THE GARDEN OF SIR THOMAS HANBURY'S BEAUTIFUL VILLA, "LA MORTOLA."

From a Photograph.

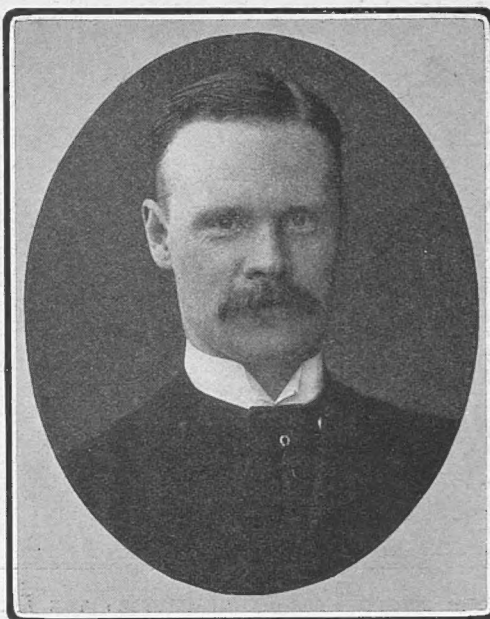
La Mortola. Sir Thomas Hanbury, the distinguished Anglo-Italian who has offered £4,000 for the erection of a Queen Victoria Hall at Mentone, has already a monument in that place, and one, it is to be hoped, that will last. When he retired from his business as a merchant at Shanghai, he devoted himself to gardening, and one of the most beautiful results of this hobby is to be found at La Mortola (a corruption of "mortella," myrtle). The house itself is of uncommon interest. The Lanteri family first owned it, and from them it passed to the Oregos; Machiavelli the much-maligned stayed in it, and many a notability has visited it. But the gardens are its chief attraction. These owe their being, in their present form at all events, to Sir Thomas, who has given nearly forty years of loving care to them. Sloping upwards from the sea, they are a dream of beauty, mirrors of Nature at her loveliest, setting for some of her most exquisite gems. Plants and trees of all

countries abound in them—the Australian bottle-brush tree, agaves and aloes, papyrus, citron, orange and lemon, pommaloe, bergamot, and mandarin, with the stately cypress to lend them background. Below them, between the Moorish kiosk and the sea, runs a part of a Roman road, the Via Aurelia, to which Dante alludes in the lines—

'Twixt Lerici and Turbia, the most desert,
The most secluded pathway is a stair
Easy and open if compared with that.

Along this have passed Pope Innocent IV., who first conferred on the Cardinals the dignity of the red hat; Catharine of Sienna, famous as a seer of visions, and canonised by Pius II. in 1461; Machiavelli; Charles V. of Germany and his followers; Pope Paul III., who excommunicated Henry VIII.; and the great Napoleon and his army.

A New Lord. Mr. J. H. C. Hozier, who has succeeded his father as Lord Newlands, represented South

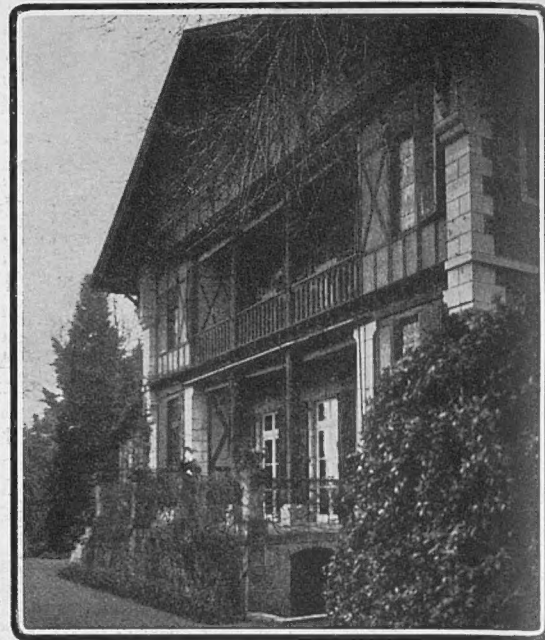


A NEW LORD: LORD NEWLANDS, WHO HAS JUST SUCCEEDED TO THE TITLE.

Photograph by Russell.

Lanarkshire for twenty years, but did not stand at the recent election. During the first half of his Parliamentary career he took part frequently in debate, and was noted for his quizzing, sarcastic speeches. He was especially fond of baiting Sir George Trevelyan, and had a fling sometimes at Mr. Gladstone. For a good many years past, however, he has been almost a silent member. He has had experience of diplomacy and the Foreign Office. He is married to a daughter of the third Marquess of Exeter. He has a house in Grosvenor Square, and his recreations include motor-ing and yachting. Moreover, he is a clubman; he belongs to seven of the best clubs in London.

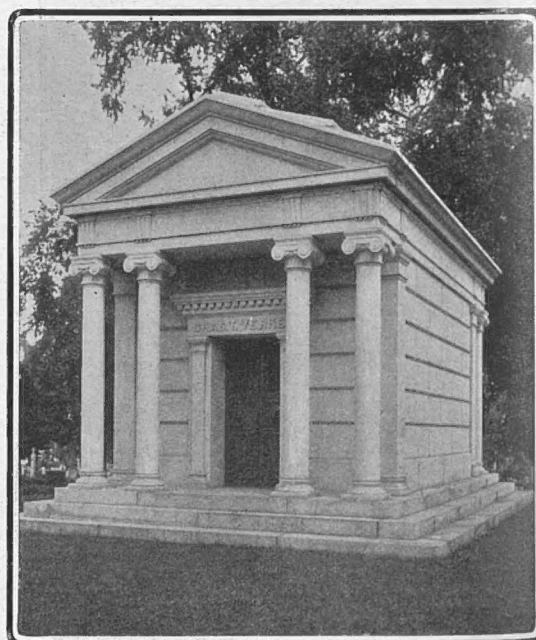
The Devil's Dyke Disguised. Our old friend at Brighton will hardly know itself soon. It seems that Mrs. Barrasford, manageress of the Lyceum, has bought it—or rather, 240 acres of it—to make a country-cottage colony for London's professional classes. There are to be bungalows large and small, and the idea is to combine the pleasures



THE SCENE OF THE COURTSHIP OF THE KING OF SPAIN AND PRINCESS ENA OF BATTENBERG: VILLA MOURISCOT, BIARRITZ.

Stereograph Copyrighted by Underwood and Underwood.

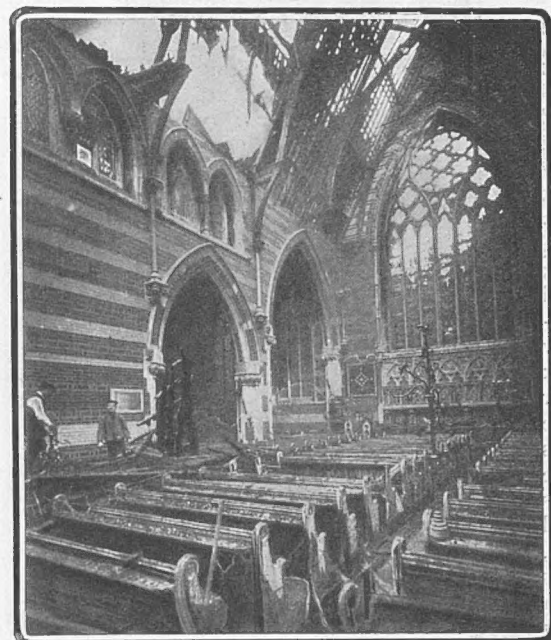
of town and country. Golf, of course, a café chantant, "frequent" concerts, and actually pigeon-shooting are to be provided. Nothing is said about protective tariffs, but the colony is to be, as far as possible, self-supporting. It certainly is a fascinating scheme, and it comes at a time when many people have got a country cottage of the ordinary type and devoutly wish they hadn't. As regards domestic service, the new community will presumably be run on less unconventional lines than the famous Brook Farm, associated with memories of Emerson and Hawthorne, where the members themselves did the work. It seems, indeed, a grand opportunity for a co-operative kitchen experiment, and even for a co-operative brigade of housemaids and parlourmaids. The pigeons, when shot, would, of course, go into the co-operative stockpot. Open-air bridge could be played in summer, and University Extension lectures would have to be strictly forbidden. But we long to know what Gipsy Lee thinks of it all.



THE SEPULCHRE OF A RAILWAY KING: THE TOMB OF THE LATE CHARLES T. YERKES.

It will be remembered that Mr. Yerkes died rather more than a month ago. Some sensation was caused last week by the announcement that his widow had married Mr. Wilson Mizner. Immediately after the event was reported, the supposed bride stated that it had not taken place; while a clergyman and Mr. Mizner stated that it had. Mr. and Mrs. Yerkes were not on good terms for many years.

Photograph by G. G. Bain.



THE DESTRUCTION OF A FASHIONABLE WEST-END CHURCH: CHRIST CHURCH, MAYFAIR, AFTER THE FIRE.

Christ Church, Mayfair, which is in Down Street, Piccadilly, caught fire early in the morning of Wednesday of last week, and was gutted and almost ruined. The building was only forty years old. In the church registers, which were saved, are the records of the marriage of Lord Rosebery with the eldest daughter of Baron de Rothschild, and of the marriage of Mr. W. Ashmead-Bartlett and the Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

Photograph by Park.

A REPUBLICAN DEFIER OF REPUBLICANS.



GENERAL CICRIANO CASTRO, PRESIDENT OF VENEZUELA.

President Castro, who has had a strenuous time defying France, was born in 1859 in the State of Tachira, near Colombia. The Venezuelan Army, which was mobilised last week, bears some slight resemblance to that of the Black Republic of Hayti, inasmuch as it is chiefly made up of officers. In one province alone there are 7,000 officers, of whom 449 are Generals. Each General commands about 50 soldiers.

From the Painting by L. Ed. Fournier.

SEE "SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK."



By E. A. B.

The Tyranny of Etiquette.

Should it by any chance be the desire of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman to visit the new King of Denmark at Copenhagen, he will not, we may be sure, incur the risk of such censure as Queen Victoria deemed it desirable to pass upon Gladstone when he, at the age of seventy-three, recruiting after a session of arduous labours, extended his travels as far as the Danish capital. In two charming little letters to the Queen, Gladstone described his visit, and modestly mentioned what was in reality an enthusiastically cordial welcome received from the Danish and other royalties there assembled. The Queen promptly reproved him for the visit, and he replied most humbly, acknowledging the letter, "giving him full credit for not having reflected at the time when he decided, as your Majesty believes, to extend his recent cruise." He explained the innocent character of the visit, which had originated with Tennyson, and discussing the suggestion as to the construction which might be placed upon it, added: "He has, however, some consolation in finding that, in England at least, such a suspicion appears to have been confined to two secondary journals, neither of which has ever found (so far as he is aware) in any act of his anything but guilt and folly."

John Burns—A Question of Dress.

His friends are curious as to what costume Mr. Burns will assume when he dines at Buckingham Palace or Windsor as the guest of the King. One rather fancies that the Windsor Uniform of the President of the Local Government Board will be the serge reefer with which we are all familiar. When Mr. Henry Broadhurst went to Sandringham as the guest of the King, he sported his tweeds, as usual, laying aside even that famous silk hat which they say he reserves for St. Stephen's. There is a certain etiquette to be observed for State occasions, but there is nothing in the Constitution definitely to prove that a statesman must be tailor-made. Tennyson got his peerage, in spite of Gladstone's fear that he would appear in the House of Lords wearing his disreputably famous wideawake; and Dean Stanley was not the man to have his dinner spoilt upon a great occasion when it was pointed out that his collar was all awry. "Do you mind?" he asked sweetly. "No? Then I don't at all."

Mixed Costumes.

State costume for men of affairs is always a ticklish matter, unless those men keep the most vigilant of valets and private secretaries. Even then their path is beset with pitfalls. Was not Sir William Harcourt sportively reproved in the House by Colonel Sanderson for presuming to move an Address to the Throne when wearing, not the uniform

proper to the occasion, but morning dress? The late Lord Salisbury turned up at Court wearing parts of a dozen different uniforms, while Lord John Russell, going the whole hog of sartorial sinning, appeared at a State Concert at Buckingham Palace arrayed in Levée uniform instead of the full dress which he should have worn. "You've got into bad company," said Lord Derby. "I see I have," replied the other ruefully, but alluding to his costume. "The porter wanted to turn me out." Quick as lightning came the quotation by his ready-witted rival, "Thou can'st not say I did it."

Too Much Improved.

Mr. L. Gaster is to lecture to us this evening on the progress made by electric lighting. It is time that someone spoke up again for this form of illumination, for really, incandescent gas in the City and in the provinces has lately been, so to speak, making hay of its rival. The day has been when the electric light was wont to do some haymaking of another sort on its own account. They noticed when the light was first installed in the Place du Palais Royal, Paris, that it was subject to remarkable changes in its degree of brilliancy. This could not be explained for some time; but careful examination proved at last that the access of light was due to a bonfire of insects. After a warm day, flies and buzzing things innumerable swarmed to the bright points of the burning carbon, and there were converted into light. This conflagration was improved out of existence with a lantern which the flies could not enter. And that is how it comes about that Major Ronald Ross and his confrères have had so busy a time in vanquishing mosquitoes in other parts of the world. Obviously the proper exterminator in the pathless jungle would be the naked electric light.

The Others' Sins.

The enthusiasm with which Glasgow is attacking the problem of intemperance is laudable and excellent. All applaud save those for whose benefit the new regulations have been thought out. To these the reformers seem rather like the man who insisted upon seeing Lord Althorp when that excellent man was Chancellor of the Exchequer, but in need at the time of the favourable consideration of his constituents, of whom the caller happened to be one. "My Lord, I want very much to know whether them beer-shops is going to be put down," said the visitor. "Oh, no," was the reply, "not put down, but placed under proper restrictions—no more monopoly." The man was not satisfied; his mind was troubled sore. "Restrictions? I don't reckon nothin' o' them things. It may be very well; but, you see, I keep a beer-shop myself, and they're very good things in their way; but then, my Lord, there ought to be—only one on 'em in every parish!"



BURIED IN THE AIR: THE STONE COFFIN EMBEDDED IN A PYRAMID IN THE CHURCHYARD OF PINNER.

Pinner Churchyard contains a monument that is probably unique. It consists of a tall pyramid, through the middle of which projects a stone coffin. It was raised to the memory of William and Agnes Loudon, whose bodies are in the stone coffin already mentioned. It is believed that William Loudon and his wife inherited some money under a will which stipulated that they should receive a certain sum "so long as their bodies were above the ground." By "burying" his parents above ground, a son sought to keep the bequest in the family.—[Photograph by the Topical Agency.]



THE ACTORS AND ACTRESSES WHO WON THE 200,000-FRANCS PRIZE IN THE LIEGE EXHIBITION LOTTERY: MEMBERS OF THE COMPANY OF THE THÉÂTRE ROYAL DES GALERIES ST. HUBERT, BRUSSELS.

A ticket in the lottery was purchased for the artists shown in the above photograph, and, fortunately for them, it secured the 200,000-francs prize, which was divided into 61 shares. Our photograph was taken by flashlight immediately after the announcement of the win was made at a rehearsal of "Boccace."—[Photograph by A. Pierre.]

OUR WONDERFUL WORLD !



THE COSTLIEST DRESS IN THE WORLD: A BURMESE PRINCESS IN COURT COSTUME.

The Court dress worn by the Burmese Princess here depicted is studded with jewels of fabulous value.



A MUSCOVITE BRIGHAM YOUNG: LUKA LEVITSKY AND HIS SIX WIVES.

Levitsky is teaching that every man should have six wives. He has married six of the comeliest girls in Vologda.



A WOMAN BANDIT: LISA, WHO HAS TERRORISED THE CAUCASUS FOR SOME YEARS.

Lisa recently fought the Russian police, killed two, and captured two others, whom she branded with the word "spy."



A RUSSIAN OF ENGLISH ORIGIN WHO SERVED TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS IN SIBERIA: MR. PETER PASSMORE.

Mr. Passmore was banished to Siberia, when he was eighteen, for a political offence, and has just been permitted to return to Russia after twenty-eight years of exile. As will be noted, his imprisonment has aged him considerably.



A RUSSIAN WHO CANNOT THROW A "CHRISTIAN SHADOW": VALDIMIR PASTUKHIN.

Pastukhin is accused of being "accursed by heaven," for it is said that he "is unable to throw a Christian shadow, his shadow under all circumstances having the appearance of a horrible horned demon." Possibly the arrangement of his haversack has something to do with the strange shadow.



A RUSSIAN OFFICER WHO SHOT HIMSELF BECAUSE HIS SUPERIOR OVERRULED HIS PROMISE TO REVOLUTIONARIES: BARON KORFF.

The Baron promised some revolutionaries their lives on condition that they would surrender. His superior officer, however, refused to honour his promise, and thereupon Korff shot himself in view of the prisoners.



AN ICE-CREAM VENDOR IN SINGAPORE: WON LUNG SAM.

Won Lung Sam migrated to Singapore from San Francisco a few years ago. He now employs 300 assistants.



THE TSAR'S PERSONAL BODYGUARD: TWO OF THE "LIFE-GUARD COSSACKS."



THE KING OF SPAIN'S SCOTTISH GARDENER: MR. MACDONALD.

Mr. Macdonald is Master of the King of Spain's private orchards. He is of Scotch descent.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"LADY INGER OF OSTRAT"—"LOUIS XI."—"HIS HOUSE IN ORDER."

LADY INGER certainly could not speak of "Her House in Order," for everything was at sixes and sevens in her house at the date of the play, at twelves and fourteens in the State of Norway, and at goodness knows what in the Scala Theatre, where the members of the Stage Society, during two-thirds of Ibsen's strange drama, were wondering what on earth it was about. Yet the Society deserves praise for gratifying something that resembles curiosity, but is nobler, by producing this early, interesting, strong, and impracticable tragedy from the pen of the most bitterly denounced dramatist in the world. We now know what we only suspected. Ibsen, the master-craftsman, was once as great a bungler in technique as—perhaps it is wise to leave a blank. Still, his play shows a sense of drama and character, and a power of writing, even in a rather stiff translation, not discernible in the efforts of Mr. Blank. There is no necessity here to give an account of a play which may be read with interest in a volume containing also "The Vikings," and in addition that great tragedy "The Pretenders," which for many years past some of the chief critics have been trying to persuade our leading actor-managers to produce. It was difficult to form a fair opinion of the acting. Perhaps the name-part is too ill-drawn to play well; certainly Miss Edyth Olive seemed a little disappointing in it. This may be because, like most of our leading ladies, she has had no great experience in characters as exacting as that of Lady Macbeth. At any rate, many of her scenes were powerfully rendered, and some very powerfully: certain mannerisms of which she must be aware are growing upon her deplorably. On the whole, it was an uneven, occasionally ineffective, and really meritorious piece of work. I fear that the terms "uneven" and "occasionally ineffective" also apply to the Elina of Miss Alice Crawford, a young actress of fine presence, rich voice, and considerable talent, who requires a great deal more study of the technique of her art. Mr. Henry Ainley is making progress very rapidly, and his Nils Lykke was quite a brilliant piece of work. Mr. Brydone, as usual, gave an admirable performance.

All who remember Irving's "Louis XI," will have been interested by the performance recently given at the New Royalty of Delavigne's play in its original form, with the old King played by an actor of quite remarkable ability. M. Silvain's performance did not challenge comparisons, for in design and execution it was quite different from the picture of grim and fiendish villainy which fascinated us for the last time at Drury Lane. As a study of tyranny in its dotage, however, it was wonderfully vivid, and stamps the player as an artist of the first rank. The French Theatre seems to have "caught on," and promises many interesting novelties.

When the secret came out—the well-guarded secret, for Mr. Pinero is almost as cautious as Mr. Gilbert—on Thursday, and people discovered the nature of the play with the quaint title, "His House in Order," there was rather a gasp of surprise at the attack upon Puritanism, which reminded some of another play at this theatre, written by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, called "The Triumph of the Philistines." It is absurd to dwell upon the superficial resemblance, or to comment, as some have done, upon the fact that in each a part of some importance is that of a Frenchwoman. The real fact is that "His House in Order" is an able, really original drama, rich in thinking matter for the many men who see the

faults and ignore the qualities of their wives. Perhaps there will be little contest as to the views dealt with in the drama, because the Puritans are presented with a sense of exaggeration that may prevent people from ranging themselves under their banners. There may be places and families where insular prejudice, slavery to mere tidiness, and antipathy to worldly pleasures are as keen as in the play, yet one may doubt whether the instances are so common that an attack on them was needed at a moment like the present, when the hedonists are in the ascendant and the mad luxury and folly of Society are making the old-fashioned man of the world fearful as to the result of the revolt against the Philistines. Yet perhaps the author means his play to be a protest or warning against the impending anti-hedonism portended by the result of the elections. Regarded merely as drama, it is a powerful play with skilfully growing intensity;

even the big scene in the third act—counterpart, in a sense, to the Quex bed-room scene—is not followed by an anti-climax, for the fourth contains one of the most vivid passages of the play, and pulses beat fast when Hilary was telling Filmer Jesson that the revered first Mrs. Jesson, whose holiness was employed by her family to crush her successor, had been faithless, and even that her son was not her husband's child. The dignity of Mr. Pinero's art is shown finely in his avoiding the obvious humours of a violent expulsion of the Ridgeleys or commonplace dethronement of Geraldine. One rarely has a play so strong both in its last and its penultimate acts. Some of the character-drawing is quite remarkable in its solidity, in its nice distinction amongst characters with a general resemblance. Whether there is more farcical colouring in the Puritans than the optics of the stage absolutely demand, it is hard to say; but undoubtedly the trace of exaggeration causes vast amusement; and the rather extravagant hits at insular ideas—ideas now quite suburban or provincial, so that our withers were unwrung—delighted the house. Many will welcome a work outside the ruck and run of the ordinary sentimental love-story, yet not within the prohibited pale of the problem-play, and will take a keen interest in the fate of the marriage of the old-young Filmer, model of propriety, with the lively girl full of the joy of life,

who, when the play ends, has found her way back to the heart of her husband, of a man so changed since the time when he married her that he is able to see the qualities of her defects instead of merely the defects of her qualities.

The performance of the superb play, as all expected, was admirable—in general effect one detected the hand of the author famous among stage-managers. Mr. Alexander, in Hilary, was at his best but for a little excess of violence in the heavy scenes, and his amiable, easy, charming man-of-the-world air was of immense value. Miss Irene Vanbrugh had almost another Fullgarney triumph, and, at any rate, was brilliant as Nina. A perfect counterfoil was found in the icy, formal Geraldine, admirably rendered by Miss Beryl Faber. Little Miss Iris Hawkins was almost beyond praise as Derek; if she were to improve steadily with age, one would require a new vocabulary for praise of her at maturity. Filmer is a stick, and Mr. Waring could not make him otherwise, though he had a fine moment in the last act. Mr. Lyall Swete and Mr. C. M. Lowne were delightfully amusing by their perfect study of the Ridgeley father and son, whilst Miss Bella Pateman presented the mother excellently.



"A ROYAL DIVORCE," AT THE SCALA: MR. FRANK LISTER AS NAPOLEON AND MISS EDITH COLE AS JOSEPHINE.

Photograph by F. W. Burford.

"THE PANTOMIME FOR THE CHILDREN."



HOW TOMMY SAW THE SHOW.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.

MASTERS OF MILLIONS: GOLD KINGS OF THE WORLD, AND A GOLD QUEEN.



1. MR. ALFRED BEIT (7 Millions).

2. MR. J. PIERPONT MORGAN (10 Millions).

3. MR. ERNEST VON MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.
(Representative German Millionaire.)4. THE MILLIONAIRE FACE:
A Composite Photograph of American Gold Kings.5. MRS. HETTY GREEN.
(12 Millions.)

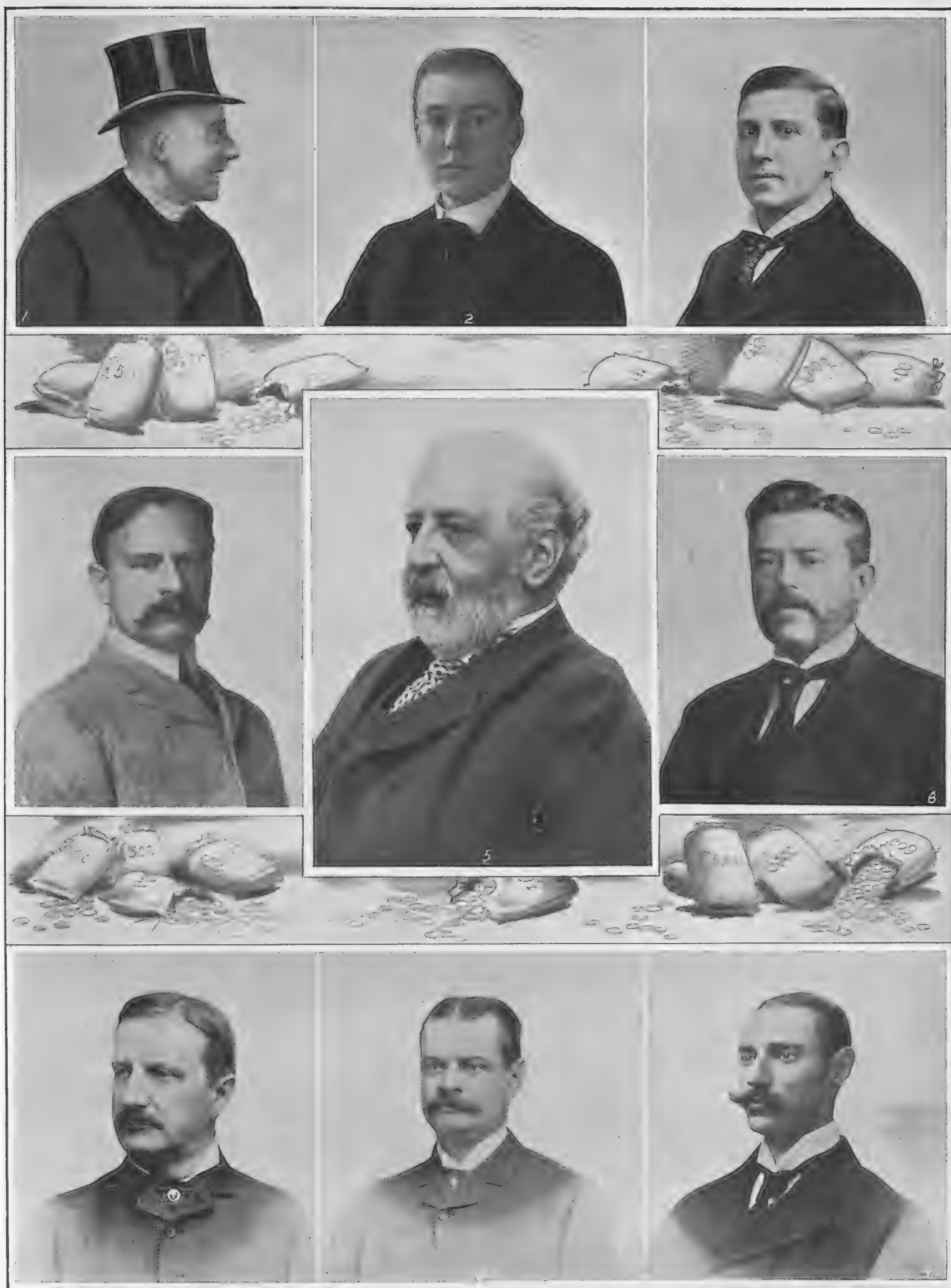
6. MR. RUSSELL SAGE (5 Millions).

7. MR. JOHN W. GATES (4 Millions).

Photographs by E. H. Mills, Ullstein, and Brown Bros.

SEE "SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK."

MASTERS OF MILLIONS: GOLD KINGS OF THE WORLD.



1. MR. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.
(100 Millions.)

4. MR. GEORGE JAY GOULD.
(20 Millions.)

7. MR. WILLIAM G. ROCKEFELLER.
(8 Millions.)

2. THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER.
(15 Millions.)

5. LORD ROTHSCHILD.
(15 Millions.)

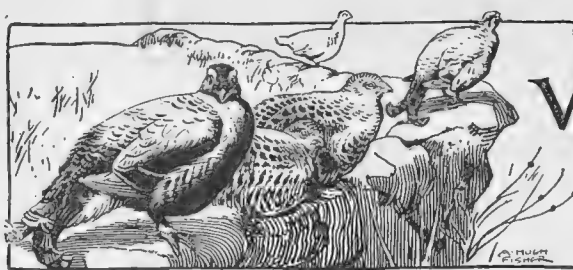
8. MR. WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR.
(25 Millions.)

3. MR. CHARLES SCHWAB.
(Steel King.)

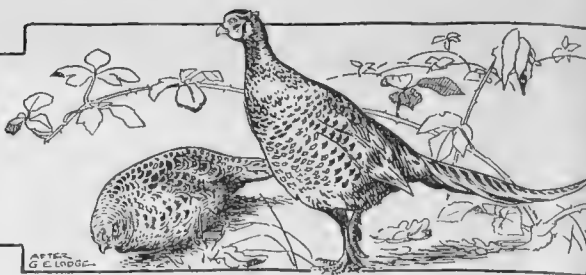
6. MR. CHARLES R. FLINT.
(Supplied Navies to most South American Countries.)

9. MR. JOHN JACOB ASTOR.
(25 Millions.)

Photographs by Russell, Pach, and Others.
SEE "SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK."



WEEK-END PAPERS



By S. L. BENSUSAN.

Sporting Recollections.

There are sportsmen in plenty who wait for the time when the gun or rod must be laid aside before they record their impressions of the days that have given them so much pleasure. They wait so long that distance lends an enchantment that is almost unreliable to everything they write about. If they recall deer-stalking days, they have at least forgotten the burning sun, the intolerable thirst, the attacks of countless midges, and the long crawl, serpent-wise, that led to the point at which they got the much-desired opportunity. And for some reason or another, they quite forget the important truth that they

sometimes missed their aim, and that the long and laborious pursuit of their antlered quarry ended in the rapid scamper to a place of safety of a stag frightened by the report, but untouched by the bullet. It is only in sporting recollections that the bullet invariably finds the shoulder. Perhaps the best writing of this kind has the worst perspective, but it suffices to please a large circle of readers, and it helps a younger generation to look for delights where, unaided, it might find only hard and unremunerative work.

On the River. In like fashion, one reads of the splendid excitement of salmon-fishing; but how

a better man than he was, and more worthy the respect of his fellow-citizens. If, on the other hand, the chances pass, or, worse still, he sends away a cripple or a couple of cripples, perhaps to be retrieved, perhaps to linger, there is a sense of regret that takes all the edge off the day's pleasure. The most ardent humanitarian can have nothing worth hearing to say for the bird that passes quite unconsciously into a firing zone, and is stopped for all time by a single well-directed shot. This, let us hope, is the fate of most birds.

The Summary of Sport.

I like to sum up my season at its end, without waiting for other years, since, following this method, one is able to form a sober judgment of its worth, and to keep in mind any points of interest that one has noted in connection with the habits of fur and feather. I am well convinced that shooting and game-preserving, coupled with the persistent destruction of vermin, are modifying the habits of fur and feather to a very considerable extent, and if one does not dogmatise about these matters, it is because it is so very hard to trust one's own observation, and one must be so very careful to avoid reading into the habits of the hunted some intention of a subtlety of which they are really incapable. Here is a very small incident that makes for reflection.

A Covey of Grouse.

While I was shooting grouse in Scotland last summer, in a part where birds are not driven, from the thick heather, I noticed that after but are raised a while they would swing right over a little village that lay between one hill and another, and at other times they would go right over a house that stood alone in a hollow of the hills. While they would fly high and wide of the hill-side, as though perfectly conscious that it might hold hidden sharpshooters—and it sometimes did—they would pass quite low over the village, where no gun was ever fired; and one day, when pressure of work kept me writing in the orchard while my friends were shooting on the hill a quarter of a mile away, a covey of grouse—from which, I learned afterwards, two birds had been taken—came down over house and orchard as though they had been tame pigeons and settled in a neighbouring meadow for an anxious consultation. For man the gun-bearing enemy, no flight was wide enough; of man the simple villager, or the idler in the garden, there was relatively no fear.



A TIMBER-STACK AS A FORTRESS.

The proprietor of a timber-yard on the banks of the canal that skirts Victoria Park has ornamented the top of his stacks of wood in the manner here shown. Guns find a place on the ramparts, and a solitary—and wooden—sentry is on guard.

seldom comes a frank confession of time and patience and money wasted in vain attempts to draw the artful monarch of the river from his accustomed haunts. I knew a Scottish sportsman who played the finest salmon that ever took his fly for more hours than I would care to set down, lest the story should sound false, and when at last the fish managed to break his line and get away, his only comment was, "Dear me, that is a pity." He, I am sure, was able to return on the following day and fish as cheerfully as before; but, then, he was a philosopher as well as a sportsman, and ninety-nine out of a hundred lack his gifts.

Seasonable Reminiscences.

For myself, I like to review the season at its end. Then, side by side with the happiest moments, I can set down the wind and the rain and the fruitless search for game, the missed opportunities, the moment when one was perfectly sure nothing was coming in the way of the gun, and it was quite absurd to expect a snipe to rise or a rabbit to jump up under one's feet, or, for that covey of partridges to get up so suddenly, well within range. By the side of the bright sunny days, when it was a pleasure to be alive, I like to set those week-ends of sudden change when one travelled perhaps as much as a hundred miles for two days' shooting and met high wind and driving rain at the end of the journey. Only in this fashion can one strike a balance, and find out where the special attraction of the sporting life lies, and how far it is concerned with the mere killing of fur and feather.

The Straight Shot. One realises, not without regret, that self-consciousness has a great deal to do with the joy of sport. A right and left brought off successfully, whether against grouse as they sail over the butts, or partridges as they skim over a high hedge, or pheasants as they top the trees or come back to cover like an arrow from a bow, seems temporarily to add an inch to their destroyer's height, to make him feel he is



SPARROW-CATCHING BY NIGHT.

Sparrow-catching by night is a popular winter pastime in many a country district. A long net, fitted on two bent poles, is placed gently against the ivy, rick, or hedge in which the birds are known to roost. When disturbed, the sparrows fly into this net, the poles of which are promptly clapped together, imprisoning the quarry.

Photograph by the Tophat Press.

LUCKY DOG!



VOICE FROM THE BRIDGE: Had any luck?

THE CONTORTIONIST IN THE FOREGROUND: Not bad. Broken me rod and lost me cap, but still got me return ticket.

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

AFTER the election the tide of books will evidently flow strongly. Mr. Murray is preparing a new volume of biographical sketches by Sir Theodore Martin which will contain chapters on David Garrick, W. C. Macready, and Baron Stockmar. Sir Theodore Martin is one of the very oldest men now writing books. Sir John Hollams, who is only four years younger, is to issue a book entitled "The Jottings of an Old Solicitor," which will touch on many celebrated cases in the English courts.

Mr. G. R. Sims' new novel is founded on facts. The plot concerns a woman sentenced to penal servitude for life on circumstantial evidence.

The complete edition of the works of Thomas Hardy published in America by Harper and Brothers is in twenty volumes. They are bound in green rep silk, with gilt tops and uncut edges, with frontispieces in sepia on India tint paper and full-page illustrations in half-tone by prominent artists. The edition does not contain "The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid," nor any of Hardy's poems and dramas. This recognition of Mr. Hardy's eminence must be gratifying to all lovers of literature. Dr. Jessup, of New York, says that if any one word can sum up Hardy, it is the word "landscape." The vivid sense of country which all his work exhibits is, indeed, one of its most taking qualities. No other novelist has shown so faithfully the inter-relation of the human and his physical background. No one since Shakspeare, thinks this critic, has given us such a resplendent gallery of adorable women. Hardy is not a pessimist, says Dr. Jessup, but an optimist, not afraid of facing the truth. He sees the sordid details, the ugly fact, and still, with head held high, the soul refuses to be mired in the slough around the feet. The scene in his work which stands out above all others is to be found in the twenty-second chapter of "A Pair of Blue Eyes."

There is a considerable demand for Mr. Bernard Shaw's early book, "The Quintessence of Ibsenism." It has been for some time out of print, but Mr. Shaw has not consented to a republication.

We may confidently anticipate that one of the most popular books of the early season will be "The Gambler," by Katharine Cecil Thurston. The heroine is a beautiful and impulsive Irish girl, who inherits a gambling propensity, and the scenes of the story are laid in Ireland, the Continent, and London. The book has been for some time on sale in the United States, and has been very widely read. It will be published by Messrs. Hutchinson.

I cordially welcome the *Atlantic Monthly*, now published in London by Messrs. Constable. Few periodicals have a more honourable history. From the first it has depended on the excellence of its literary matter, not on names or illustrations or sensational and cheap fiction. It is now a little less literary than it used to be. The

social problems of a strenuous time demand attention. While recognising their importance, many of us prefer to read about books and authors, and the *Atlantic Monthly* makes some provision for us. I venture to think it a mistake to include in a magazine of this kind a quantity of brief characterisations. We want, rather, careful studies of really important volumes. But the January number is entirely creditable.

The centenary of Charles Lever takes place this year. There is some uncertainty about the day of Lever's birth, but it was either Aug. 31 or Sept. 2. A volume of letters by Lever will be published by Messrs. Blackwood in the spring. It is edited by Mr. Edmund Downey, who wrote recently a very interesting book on his experiences as a publisher. Mr. Downey has secured, I believe, something like a thousand letters. Hitherto we have had to depend upon the Life by

Fitzpatrick—a very entertaining work with much valuable matter, but not authoritative. In the annals of the house of Blackwood will be found important contributions to Lever's history. But Mr. Downey's book should give us much that is new. Under the name Cornelius O'Dowd, Lever contributed many excellent essays to *Blackwood*, and he was on terms of intimacy with John Blackwood, the discoverer of George Eliot. The long series of Lever's novels is still worth reading, for he was a very brilliant man who knew life and could both write and think. But I fancy that it is by his early rollicking stories, "Charles O'Malley," "Harry Lorrequer," and "Jack Hinton," that he is still best known. Lever's youthful spirit soon vanished, and there is a certain gloom about his later works.

Mrs. Alice Meynell is preparing a new volume, which she hopes to publish in the spring. This will be her first prose work since "The Spirit of Place," which appeared in 1898.

The Life of Professor Sidgwick, which will shortly be published, contains many items of interest. Sidgwick was only twenty-one when he was elected to a Trinity Fellowship, and settled down to life as an academic teacher, which lasted for forty-one years. He writes to his friend Roden Noel: "You must know we have started a new monthly in Cambridge—*Macmillan's Magazine*—advertisements whereof almost paper Macmillan's shop, and are surreptitiously foisted into all his books sent out. It is pretty good, not equal to the other novelty, the *Cornhill*, edited by Thackeray." On his first meeting with Madame Blavatsky he thus wrote of her in his journal: "On the whole, I was favourably impressed with Madame Blavatsky. If personal sensibilities can be trusted she is a genuine being, with a vigorous nature, intellectual as well as emotional, and a real desire for the good of mankind. This impression is all the more noteworthy as she is externally unattractive—with her flounces full of cigarette-ashes—and not prepossessing in manner."

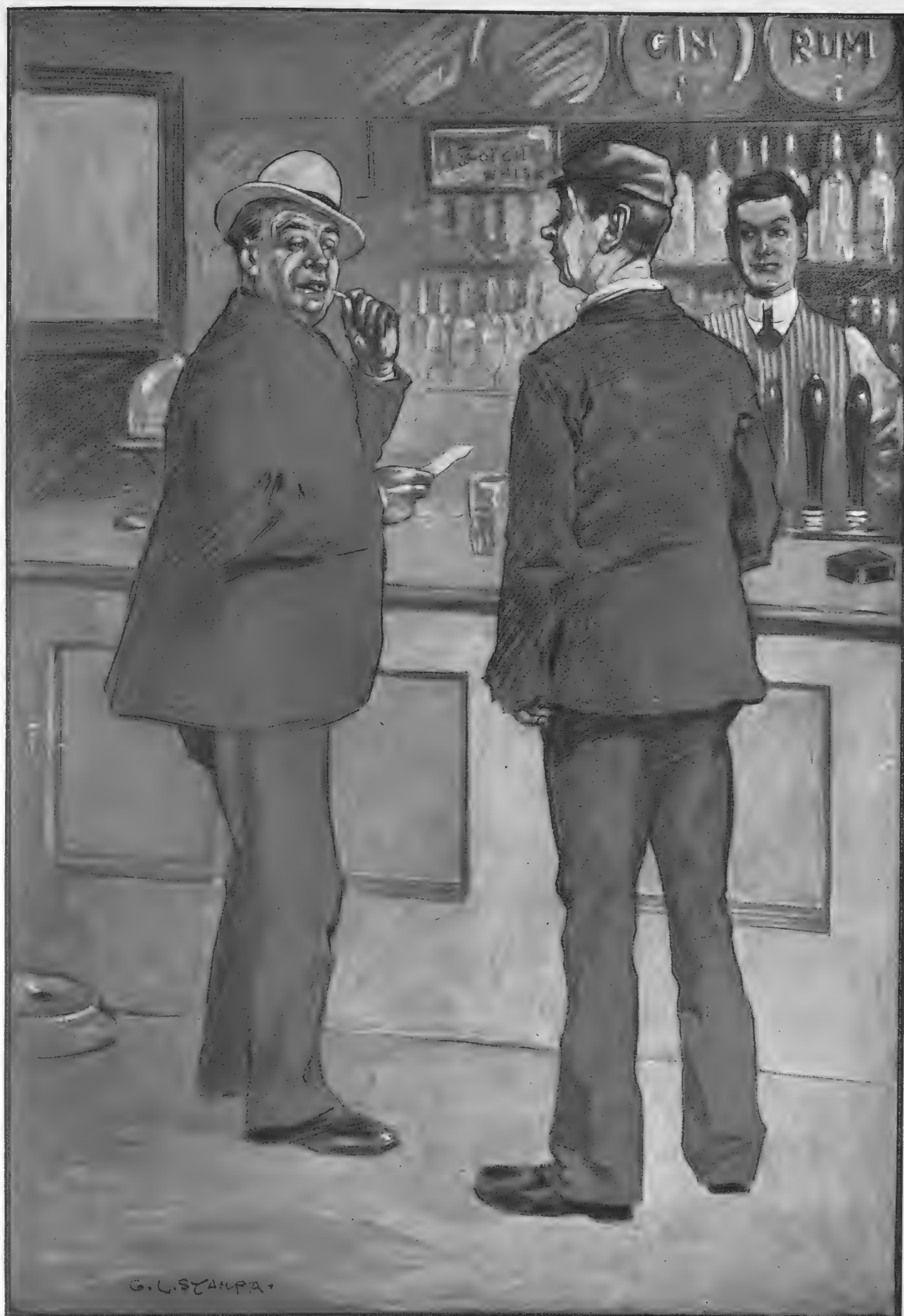
O. O.



THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY LIBRARY IN THE WORLD: THE NORTHERN SECTION OF THE "450 PAGODAS," EACH ENSHRINING A BOOK OF BUDDHIST WISDOM, AT MANDALAY.

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A QUESTION OF TASTE.



THE WORTHY IN THE CAP: You 'ave just got cheek, always buyin' yer stamps 'ere. Can't think 'ow yer like ter arsk for 'em.
THE WORTHY IN THE BOWLER: Well, fact is, Bill, seems ter me they taste better 'ere than they does at the Post Office.

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE CHUMMERY AND THE JEUNE FILLE.

BY MARY COSTELLO.



IT is rather hard to make the Jeune Fille understand the Chummery. Unfortunately, she takes a search-

ing interest in it, and asks questions which are wide of the mark and upsetting. Certainly the French system of educating girls does *donne à désirer*—I mean, shutting them up in a convent or in a sort of home harem and carefully withholding from them all knowledge of the world in which they are to spend the rest of their lives.

Our Jeune Fille is innocent and enterprising. She has a keen appetite, too, for the worldly wisdom which her aunts—Johanna and I—have to impart. Having lost her father last year, she has now to make her home in England and look out for a husband for herself, instead of having one found for her, as she would have had in France. Johanna has just passed her down to me from Yorkshire. She says she will have a better chance of “settling” in the suburbs. I don’t know, I’m sure. But that is not to the point. The Jeune Fille is not my story at all, and the Chummery is.

The Chummery began in Poonah towards the end of the ’eighties, and for the last three years it has flourished in Upper Norwood, where it is officially known as The Cedars, Palmyra Road. We are Pretoria Lodge next door, and, being on come-in-without-knocking terms of intimacy, know everything there is to know about it. The chums are Bobby, Bertie, and Little Billee, retired from the Army and doing well on the Stock Exchange. Except for one thing, they are quite commonplace people, conventional to a degree in the smart sporting style. They clip their words, use a free Indian vocabulary, call a horse a “gee,” and are absurdly particular about the cut of their clothes, their cleeks and brassies, their saddlery and cigars. At first I could hardly stand Bobby’s cigar, being somewhat old-fashioned, but now somehow it seems quite natural. They are just starting a motor, to make them more everyday still.

Well, the one remarkable thing about the Chummery is that it proves to the hilt how wrong the cynics are who assert that men and women under forty cannot be chums without the creeping in of sentimental entanglements sooner or later. To let the cat out of the bag, the Chummery contains a woman. Bobby is Bertie’s wife, and why she is called by that absurd name or what her real one is I don’t know. But what I do know is that the little *ménage* is run on Punjab bachelor lines, and that there is not a *souçon* even of any but the strictest bonds of camaraderie between its members. I suppose the husband and wife were in love or something when they married, but now they are only the best of friends. They both have latchkeys and stop out or not as they like without causing the other uneasiness. But, all the same, when Bertie nearly died last year of rheumatic fever, she *did* look haggard for a week, and Little Billee sat up with him most nights. The nursing was just what you’d read of in a novel.

Bobby is pretty, petite, hard as nails, and a thorough sportswoman. My brother-in-law calls her “a pocket Amazon,” and says she could give Bertie a stroke a hole in most of their little games; but I think that is an exaggeration. He says she has nearly all the good points of a sporting man—that is, she pays up, owns up, shuts up when beaten, and crows softly when in luck. He believes altogether in the Chummery, but Ned doesn’t. Ned maintains that platonic are always more or less fishy, particularly when they’re middle-aged and run on

sporting lines, and that no matter how hard up, the man’s a fool who would take in a paying guest like Billee. But nothing *can* convince my husband once he’s got an idea into his head; besides, he’s nearly always wrong, except about his profession, of course.

Bertie is small, too, fawn-toned and rather shrivelled, but gay and agreeable. He’d be nicer still if he were not so fond of giving the straight tip about everything.

Little Billee is different. He’s six feet three in his stockings, very good-looking, and athletic. He never lays down the law, is easy-going, and for all his strength, I fancy, somehow, he is the soft spot in the Chummery, but I may be wrong. Bobby tells me he has been pursued by women since he left Eton, and that he was just run to earth when they took him in. Certainly she has kept him safe under cover for many years, but now she thinks it’s time he should start a home of his own. She has been talking a lot to me and others about it, and has had eligible girls staying at the Cedars in the last year. But, as she feared, he is horrid to them—quite boorish; in fact, sulked shamefully when she asked Maud Sartoris a second time, and actually bolted for a week-end to Harrogate the day after her arrival. That was nearly a month ago, and he has not returned yet; the doctor, having found something wrong with his liver, advised him to give the waters a trial.

Valentine, our *jeune fille*, hasn’t seen him yet. She admires his photographs, which are all over the Chummery—he *has* a dash of the Ouidaesque, no doubt; but, as I said before, she doesn’t understand the situation, and quite startled me yesterday by the use of the phrase, “*Tertium Quid*.”

“Where did you pick that up?” I cried, “not in the convent surely?”

“*Ciel*—no. I have been reading since I came into the world, *ma tante*, a book called ‘The Gadsbys,’” she answered seriously.

“Well, it hasn’t enlightened you, my dear. A *Tertium Quid* is not what Captain Billee is in the very least,” I retorted.

“Then what is it, my aunt?”

“A *Tertium Quid* is a sort of a—well, he’s just a flirt, my dear—what are you saying? Oh, yes, yes—married people *can* flirt in England, but it’s not *bien vu*, and none of my friends do it. Why, of course not. And Bobby—Mrs. Fraser, that is—despises nonsense like that utterly; she calls it—”

“Bally rot—I remember.”

I shivered slightly, and went on.

“Those three live together because they happen to have the same views of life—same interests, politics, sympathies, same tastes in jokes, neckties, curries, and champagnes. Everybody understands; Upper Norwood has called on her; they’re asked out together always; the men are like brothers, and now she’s worrying about a wife for Billee—”

“But why, my aunt?”

Here Bobby’s sleek Newmarket head at the other side of the wall came to the rescue.

“Tea just due,” I cried. “Take the fence.”

“Right-oh!” She dropped her golf-sticks, neatly clambered over, and threw herself on the grass beside us like a boy. “Got my card for the Grundy crush, Memsahib?” She calls me that because I lecture her occasionally for her good.

“What is a Grundy crush?” Valentine asked.

“A garden-party Mrs. Fraser is giving on Friday,” I explained.

“Which Billee is givin’—insists on givin’ every year,” she struck in. “A ghastly show, *mon enfant*: all the frumps and fogies of the station—the vestrymen, churchwardens, Low Church parsons, their wives, daughters, and maiden aunts, all penned together in our one-

[Continued overleaf.]

Sunday Clothes — By Districts.



I.—BETHNAL GREEN.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

horse paddock for two hours—why, you ask? Oh, because Billee thinks it necessary for the reputation of the Chummery, I suppose. Tommy rot, Bertie and I call it. But as he pays his share of the rent——”

“You’re expecting him back for it?” I broke in, anxious to arrest further details.

“Rather. I wired yesterday to tell him Maud was safe in Paris and that he must be here on Wednesday to rig up the tents and the Carla Juggas—must have a few o’ them; they made a match or two at our last, y’know——”

“What is a Carla Jugga?” Valentine asked, as I knew she would. I held Bobby’s eye for a second, and she answered flightily:

“Oh—an Indian sort of Bath bun.”

Then, lowering her voice, she told me that Bertie was rather uneasy about the Boy, not so much on account of his prolonged absence as from the tone of his letters. There was an old polo accident, unluckily, and the spine might come against him any day.

“He was thinkin’ of runnin’ up to Harrogate to-night, Bertie was; but I stopped him, knowin’ full well it’s only payin’ me off over Maud. Sulky brute, now, ain’t he, Memsahib? Why, I’ll be afraid to let an unmarried woman inside the compound now for months—so I will. No, not even you, little nun”—meeting Valentine’s round, inquiring eyes. “I’ll have to put notices up in the trees: ‘The Bear is loose. Female trespassers will be rigorously prosecuted.’”

The Jeune Fille leaned forward, resting her cheek on her hand.

“If the Captain Billee does not himself desire to marry, Madame, why do you think he ought? Must all people marry, then, in the world?”

Bobby stared, as well she might, then slowly lit a cigarette. I think the cigar is half swagger; she doesn’t really enjoy it.

“I’ll try to tell you,” she explained. “You see, there are signs that our dear Captain Billee may become very cross and gouty when he grows old, and he will, of course, then feel the want of somethin’ to bully. Well, he can’t bully Bertie or me, can he, Kiddie?”

“Assuredly not, Madame.”

“So he may just pine away, poor dear, as baulked people often do. Now a wife, the average wife, is made to be bullied——”

“*Plait-il?*”

“*Ah, mais oui!* In the world, she is a provision of nature for tired old bachelors with livers and throbbing toes——”

I told Valentine to go and see what was delaying the tea.

Except in point of numbers, the Grundy crush was not a success. The weather was right enough, but there was somehow a lack of that spirit and go which in previous years made the churchwardens’ daughters look forward eagerly to the Chummery entertainment.

Then the tent came down on the Lady Palmist, bruising her shoulder, the putting went flat, and there were no Carla Juggas at all, for Billee did not arrive on the Wednesday to rig them up. He wrote that he would be in time to see to them on Friday, but just as the guests were arriving there came a wire saying he had missed the train.

Bobby looked a little flustered, a rare thing with her; and when I was able to get her to myself for a moment, she admitted that Bertie was now seriously alarmed about Billee’s spine, and that she had been wrong in preventing him from looking up his friend. She was sure he had had the operation performed, and was probably sinking under its effects—the operation which Bertie always said would be fatal.

“Your husband will run up to-morrow, of course,” I broke in; because, to tell the truth, Billee was a darling, and something bright and good would go out of the world with him for us all.

“To-night,” she said; “we’ll start to-night, as soon as ever this rotten——” Here she had to grin spasmodically and assure Lady Godolphin Smythe that she didn’t mind—in fact, was delighted that she had brought all her nieces and the little boy’s hospital nurse.

She is a slangy little soul, I know; but I can’t help liking Bobby, so I did my best to help her with her guests, and stood by her when they were making their adieux.

The terrible thing happened in the tea-room off the hall when it was almost full. Valentine was handing round cream and cakes; her convent training makes her trying in some cases, but wonderful, I

must say, in looking after people. She was at Bobby’s elbow when the Archdeacon’s wife was departing graciously.

“A charming party—oh, quite, Mrs. Fraser, but we all so missed dear Captain Younghusband, in the gymkhana particularly. I trust there is no truth in the rumour that he is seriously ill at Harrogate?”

Valentine started, almost dropping a plate of bread-and-butter, and her foreign, penetrating voice reached almost to the end of the room, paralysing trivial discourse.

“Younghusband—Harrogate?” she repeated. “Is that his name—Younghusband, that *drôle* of a name? Oh! if it should be the same, my aunt!”

“You have heard something,” Bobby said very quietly. “Is it bad news?”

“*Non, mais non*—the best. What will enchant you, Madame. Listen: it may be that your Billee had no operation, but that he is doing what you so desire—making a marriage with a beautiful girl, with my friend Margot Lascelles, who lives near Harrogate—oh, you will love her, *allez*. She wrote this morning to tell me of her betrothal to a Captain Younghusband she’s just met. *Non, non*; she does not call him Billee—in her letters it is always the Beau Sabreur, and she says it was—oh, like a romance then. He asked her in the first week, and she said ‘No.’ He asked again next day, and the next—every time he met her, at balls, croquet-parties, in the streets; he said he would go on until he died——”

She paused, a little disconcerted. Bobby was looking for a cucumber-sandwich, and could only find a tomato one.

“Come along, Valentine,” I broke in, “that is not like our friend, I’m afraid.”

“Alas, no!” Bobby laughed. “Unless—unless——”

“It’s a case of D.T.,” Bertie put in; “and that, I’m glad to say, is not a weakness of the lad’s. It’s one of the Yorkshire cousins your friend has caught, Mademoiselle. They’ve a crowd of them round.”

“Perhaps so. . . . *Attendez donc*, yes, yes. . . . Why, you can make sure at once, Madame——”

“I can? No; a little iced hock, please.”

“But certainly. Margot said she was sending his photograph by the next post, so it must be this which the postman gave me at your gate.”

She took an envelope from her pocket and broke it open.

“*Bon Dieu*—yes! The face on your desk, Madame, on the chimneypiece, all over the house—look!”

“Keep back!” Bertie said sharply. “Open the window!” somebody else called out.

I made a dash for the door and clutched my husband in the hall.

“What’s happened,” he asked. “Anyone hurt?”

“I think not—no. Bobby fainted suddenly.”

“Bobby fainted? Oh, get out—I beg your pardon, my dear.”

“From the heat. They’re bringing her round, and I’m going home, Ned.”

On the lawn they all said it was no wonder, with the crush, the closeness, the excitement, and the strain of the life she led. The strange thing was she hadn’t broken down long ago, they agreed. But outside the gate—they said other things.

I did not speak until I got home, and then, being upset and angry with everyone, I opened fire on my niece.

“Are you a fool or a fiend?” I asked, scarcely knowing what I said.

She was indignant and said the world was a horrid place. Why shouldn’t she believe what she was told, as she had in the convent? And it was no fault of hers.

“You assured me she wanted him to marry a nice girl—you did, my aunt; you said it was purely platonic——”

“Platonic be hanged,” burst in Ned, who, like most men, hates a public scene. “Learn the truth for once and for all, my girl. That’s what platonic is the world over—in France, England, India, Timbuctoo, wherever man is man, and woman woman!”

Poor Bobby! I wonder how it really was with her: whether she had deceived—only herself.

I shall wonder always though, I think.





HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THE word of a Bishop has made the success of a play before now, and it will therefore be interesting to watch the fate of the drama which the Rev. Forbes Phillips has made out of Mr. Guy Thorne's novel, "When It Was Dark," for the Bishop of London has made that work the subject of seven addresses. The play bears the same title as the novel, and Mr. Walter Maxwell and Mr. Addison Bright, who are the managers of the enterprise, have engaged a strong company for the production, which starts at the County Theatre, Kingston, on Monday evening and will be brought to the Brixton Theatre on the following Monday. The two leading parts are to be played by Mr. H. Athol Forde and Miss Margaret Damer, while the characters of next importance are entrusted to Miss Hope Mayne, Mr. Rupert Lister, and Mr. Leslie Carter.

The admirers of Mr. Huntley Wright have only a few more opportunities of seeing him in his present programme, "The Little Father of the Wilderness," and "The Mountain Climber"; the plays will be withdrawn at the end of the week, in order that preparations for the welcome reappearance of Mr. John Hare at the Comedy may be pushed forward without any interruption.

The large circle of Mr. Forbes-Robertson's admirers will be gratified by the announcement that his health has been so far restored that he is able to undertake the fatigues of a provincial tour. In company with Mrs. Forbes-Robertson (Miss Gertrude Elliott) he will play a short season in the provinces, after which everyone hopes he will return to the West End in a play which all London will want to see. Meantime he is relying on two of his great successes, "The Light That Failed" and "Mice and Men." With these he will make a start at the Coronet on Monday evening.



MISS SYDNEY FAIRBROTHER AS THE REIGNING QUEEN IN THE DREAM "BLUEBELL," AT THE ALDWYCH.

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.

"The Harlequin King" will be the king of the harlequins this afternoon. Mr. Lewis Waller has invited all the representatives of Columbine's lover who are in London and are able to get away to be present at the matinee of Mr. Louis N. Parker and Mr. S. Brinton's adaptation of Herr Rudolph Lothar's play, which is being so successfully acted at the Imperial.

Mr. Granville Barker has done so much good work at the Court that his admirers will regret to learn that he has been by no means well of late and has, on occasion, had to be out of the bill of "Major Barbara," which is now in the last week of its present run, for it must be withdrawn

on Saturday, arrangements having been made for the production on Monday of Mr. Barker's play "The Voysey Inheritance," which was received with such favour when it was given at the series of matinées before Christmas. The play will derive additional interest from the fact that Mr. Barker himself will play the part of the hero, which was originally acted by Mr. Thalberg Corbett. Among the members of the original cast will be Mr. Eugene Mayeur, Mr. Edmund Gwenn, Miss Florence Haydon (who made so great a hit as the deaf old mother), Miss Mabel Hackney, and Mr. Charles Fulton, who, in a part that might have been written for him, revealed a sense of humour which he does not often get the opportunity of showing. Among the newcomers will be Mr. Frederick Kerr (who plays the part created by Mr. A. E. George), Miss Edyth Olive, Miss Amy Lamborn,

Mr. Hubert Harben, Mr. Norman Page (who follows Mr. O. B. Clarence), Miss Hazell Thompson, and Miss Madge McIntosh.

When he first came to London, Mr. Nat Goodwin made so strong an impression on our public that he is assured of a more than ordinarily cordial welcome when he appears on Saturday evening next at the Shaftesbury in "A Gilded Fool," by Henry Guy Carleton.

Mr. Goodwin will be associated with—in America it would have been "supported by"—a company made up entirely of English actors, headed by Mr. J. H. Barnes, Mr. Ashton Tonge (who was a member of Sir Henry Irving's company), and Mr. Cooper Cliffe, Miss Agnes Thomas, Miss Gray, and Miss Jessie Bateman. The choice of a purely English company is a happy one, for the atmosphere of the play is English, the scenes being laid in Berkeley Square. Years ago, at the Gaiety, Mr. Goodwin showed that, American though he is, he is able to play an Englishman as if to the manner born, so that his methods are certain not to clash with those of the other members of the company.

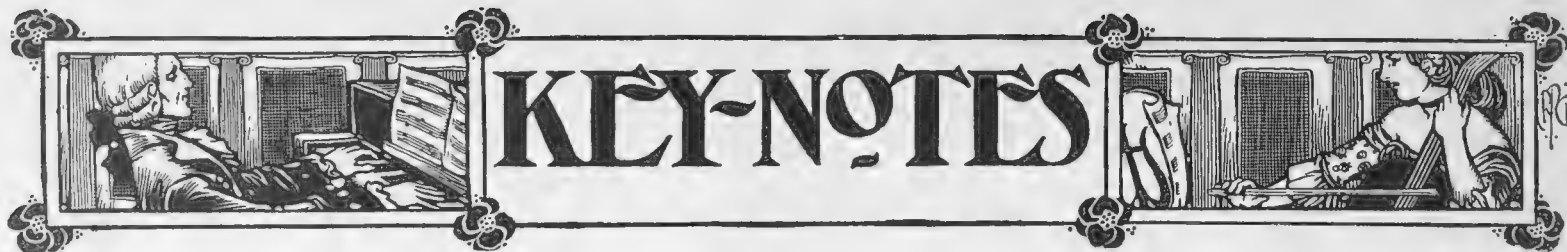


MISS PAULINE CHASE IN A QUAIN COSTUME.

Photograph by Bassano.

Mr. Henry Guy Carleton the dramatist, must not be confounded with Mr. Guy Carleton the humorous poet. Of the dramatist an amusing story used to be told in America by the late Maurice Barrymore. In those days, whatever may be the case now, Mr. Henry Guy Carleton used to stammer a great deal in ordinary speech, although, curiously enough, if he were reading there was no impediment in his speech. One day he met Barrymore and stopped him in the street. "I s-s-say, B-B-B-B-Barry, have you g-g-g-got half an h-h-h-hour to s-s-s-spare, I w-w-w-want to t-t-talk to you for f-f-f-five m-m-m-minutes."

When next the old boys of the Charterhouse who are on the stage give one of their interesting performances they will be able to call in the services of an old brother Carthusian and new dramatist to help them in their work. This is Mr. Dagney Major, who has written "The Pilgrim's Rest," which is being acted by the village players of Hildenborough this week, and will be taken to other places later on. Mr. Dagney Major's work will probably also be seen on the regular stage of the West End before long, for a well-known manager is likely to produce a one-act play by him. Mr. Dagney Major has reached the stage by the open door of journalism, or perhaps it might more accurately be said that he reached journalism by the open door of the stage, for he was addicted to the writing of plays at a very early age. Still on the sunny side of thirty, his short stories and articles began to be published when he was twenty, and his first book, "The Humours of a Hydro," which ran into three editions, saw the light in 1900. For nearly five years he was Secretary to the Royal Society of British Artists, and spent his leisure in writing for the weekly and monthly journals, after which he migrated to the Messrs. Harmsworth, with which firm he is still connected. His first opportunity of writing a village play came in 1904, when he collaborated with Mr. J. C. Johnson in "The Miser's Bargain," and they were both responsible for "The Luck of the Brians" last year. "The Pilgrim's Rest," however, is the unaided work of Mr. Dagney Major.



THE incidental music to "Nero," the play recently produced by Mr. Beerbohm Tree, is extremely interesting, because Mr. Coleridge-Taylor has deliberately taken up the idea of bringing the ancient rhythmic feeling into his music, which belonged practically, so far as historical records can say, to the times when music in its Western dress was more or less familiar. Mr. Coleridge-Taylor, whose "Hiawatha" is now quite well known, has emphasised the idea that all the music connected with such a play as this should be in perfect rhythm, and should also never stray from the paths of conventional, one may even say old-fashioned, scores. The result is that he produces the effect of a perpetual beating of the heart, without resorting to any modern feeling. His songs, for example, are as simple as possible; he knows that music should not be treated under such circumstances with careful harmonic devices; but he does know how to write simple music, and the result is extremely persuasive and extremely charming.

The last concert which was given by the Royal Choral Society at the Albert Hall, under the conductorship of Mr. H. L. Balfour in the absence of Sir Frederick Bridge, had for its programme the "Requiem" of Brahms and the "Lobgesang" of Mendelssohn. It would of course arouse controversy on many sides to discuss Brahms's "Requiem" at this time of day. Gloomy and darkened as is its score, one may still realise that the work contains much of the noble feeling with which great composers, and, in fact, great geniuses in any point of life, weep for their dead because their light has failed. Madame Sobrino sang the solo part of "Here on Earth Have we no Continuing Place" very beautifully indeed, with a tunefulness from the vocal point of view which is very rare among modern singers, but which in its purity must always attract those who prefer nature educated by art, to art which does not exist except by nature. One always considers that Mendelssohn in his early youth was the real Mendelssohn rather than the artist who died before he was forty years of age. It is for that reason that one delights in the "Hymn of Praise"; and certainly Madame Sobrino, in conjunction with Mr. John Coates, gave us quite an interesting interpretation. It is true that the performance, no less on the part of the chorus than on the part of the soloists, seemed somewhat fatigued. Mr. Balfour conducted very much in the style of Sir Frederick Bridge, and extracted from his singers and players every ounce of thoughtfulness and accomplishment which one usually expects from concerts given by the Royal Choral Society.

There will have been given by the time these lines appear in print the second performance of Richard Strauss's "Don Quixote," announced for Saturday afternoon. It is interesting to observe that the oldest critic of the country describes the score as being "curious." When one remembers what the oldest critic wrote concerning Wagner in those far-off times when the great genius was struggling against the world, it

may possibly be found that the adjective is somewhat discounted. Some three years ago this work was produced at the St. James's Hall. It then aroused an enormous amount of controversy; and it must be remembered that when any serious controversy arises about a matter of art, that fact itself proves that there is something worth while discussing in the composition itself. There is no composer worth his salt who has not had to pass through blame and violently thoughtless discussion before reaching his final position in art. Richard Strauss has had to endure many rebuffs; but he will remember, no doubt, that criticism has at all events been very kind to him.

Why should Herr Felix Mottl be supposed to have completed the record of Mozart's life in his remark: "I consider Mozart the greatest purely musical genius that has ever showered blessings on the world. He was universal, just as Goethe was." He was music personified." The same remark was made some century and more ago by the Emperor Franz Josef; and it is somewhat farcical to find that Mottl's praise was taken almost word for word from the old story in which he was compared to Goethe. How shall one ever be able to describe the enormous powers that were given a place within the great soul of Mozart, whose universal appeal to the world is, even at the present day, becoming more and more definite?

Mozart was born some hundred and fifty years ago; and that event was celebrated by the Concert-Goers' Club the other evening by a concert at the Bechstein Hall, at which various early and great works of the master's composition were conducted by Mr. Henry Wood, who brought with him a contingent from the Queen's Hall Orchestra. With one exception, the programme was carefully selected, in order to show the various periods of Mozart's life, from the date of his eighth birthday down to the end of his short and all too sad life. One of the

most charming interpretations of the evening was the Andante written when Mozart was twelve years of age, which is entitled "Cassation (No. 1 in G)." But the Ballet Music from "Idomeneo," if one leaves out just for the moment the wonderful G Minor Symphony, came with a freshness, a novelty, a beauty which should be repeated many and many a time in the concert-halls of our country. "Idomeneo" was written in Munich, and has had practically no chance, on account of the fact that the difficulties which are concerned with the plot of the opera are well-nigh insurmountable. Nevertheless, the opera contains some of the finest thoughts of Mozart, and it seems to the present writer something of a shame

that at Munich, where so many of the early and later works of Mozart have been produced, even including that wonderful opera with the impossible libretto, "Die Zauberflöte," "Idomeneo" is never performed. At the same time, one may make similar comment upon the opera "Titus," which also contains very fine music, and the Overture to which is quite a masterpiece.

COMMON CHORD.



Photo. Vesenberg.
M. TCHERNOFF, WHO STABBED
M. SLASTNIKOFF.



Photo. Vesenberg.
M. SLASTNIKOFF, WHO WAS
STABBED BY M. TCHERNOFF.

A SINGER WHO WAS STABBED ON THE STAGE,
AND THE SINGER WHO STABBED HIM.

During the last representation of "Bajazzo" at the National Opera at St. Petersburg, an unfortunate incident took place in the scene of the second act in which Tonio stabs his wife's lover, Silvio. M. Tchernoff, the Tonio, stabbed M. Slastnikoff, the Silvio, to such effect that the latter fell to the stage bleeding profusely. The performance was stopped immediately, and it was found that the wounded singer's life was in great jeopardy. At the moment of writing, no explanation of the incident has been given.



THE KING OF SPAIN'S PRIVATE CHOIR: THE SINGING-BOYS OF THE ROYAL CHAPEL, MADRID.

The choir-boys of the Royal Chapel at Madrid gave a series of performances recently in the great cathedral at Seville. It is more than probable that they will take part at the wedding of King Alfonso.

Photograph by J. Barrera Gomez.



A BI-MONTHLY CAR-INSPECTION FREE!—THE HUMBER 5,000 MILES TRIAL—NO MECHANICAL REPAIRS—RUNNING COSTS PER MILE—STOPPAGES FORTY-NINE MINUTES, THIRTY SECONDS!—DATE AND EFFECT OF THE TOURIST TROPHY RACE—MUTUAL INSURANCE FOR MOTORISTS.

IT may truly be said that the busy minds which direct the fortunes of Argyll Motors, Limited, and Argylls, London, Limited, never tire of devising schemes to render easy the motoring paths of their clients. It is not so long since I chronicled a prize scheme in which paid drivers of Argyll cars were offered an opportunity of gaining very substantial money awards by careful attention to their masters' cars. Now Mr. Watson, the astute North-country managing director of the huge Argyll emporium in Newman Street, Oxford Street, is out and about with yet another suggestion for the comfort of his clients. This is nothing less than an expert examination of every Argyll car bought henceforward from the London depôt, made free every two months, and the car-owner furnished with a detailed report of the comparative condition of the car at all points as time goes on. Only car-owners who employ paid drivers or repairers can appreciate what a valuable check upon carelessness and bad treatment this two-monthly report will be.

A fortnight or so since I referred to the initial stages of the 5,000 Miles Reliability Trial undertaken by Mr. R. M. Wright, of Lincoln, with one of the first 10-12 horse-power four-cylinder Humber cars turned out from the Coventry works by Mr. Walter Phillips for Messrs. Humber and Co., Limited. On the morning of Saturday, 27th ult., this long trial was concluded at the Crystal Palace, where the car was promptly taken to pieces, and all the wearing parts wired and sealed by Mr. H. Walter Stauer, of the Autocar, and exposed for the inspection of all the world and his wife on a table on Humber's stand in the exhibition. Without going into the details of the run, which are now ancient history, it suffices to say that every mile of the long jaunt was carefully and rigidly observed by reputable people, and every occurrence and incident noted.

I have the complete log of the Trial, vouched for by the observers, and find that the only mechanical renewal required throughout was that of the fibre ring in the wipe contact-maker of the ignition, at a cost of 3s. 6d. The wear on the tyres was very severe indeed, but, with re-covering, one of the driving-tyres could be made quite as good as new; but the other, which burst on the last day, would need to be renewed. Thus, at the end of this 5,000 miles over bad roads in the depth of winter, an expenditure of some £8 to £9 only is needed to put the car on the road again as fit as ever. None of the frictional mechanical parts require renewal or are likely to require it for another 5,000 miles, for even the exhaust-valves show very slight signs of use.

I am so frequently asked as to the running cost of a petrol-car that I may be pardoned for quoting the figures which have been so accurately tabled in this case. The total petrol used amounted to

262 gallons, which for 5,000 miles is equal to 19.09 miles per gallon—an excellent consumption when the heavy state of the roads is considered. This total quantity of spirit, at 1s. per gallon, comes to £13 2s. Eighteen gallons of cylinder-oil at 5s. equals £4 10s.; 28 lb. of grease at 6d. equals 14s.; and 8 pints of gear-oil, 3s. 6d. Recharging accumulators, 8s. 3d. Total expenditure, excluding tyres, equals £19 1s. 3d., which is equal to .91 of a penny per mile. To arrive at the tyre cost per mile is not so easy, because the life yet left in them can only be estimated. However, the best judges have put their heads together and estimate that the above trip has cost in tyres about 2d. or .75 of a penny per mile, which brings the total running

cost up to 1.66d., or just over 1½d. per mile. Not dear travelling, if only two passengers were carried throughout.

The car has a long chassis, with side-entrance body; a glass wind-screen and a Cape-cart hood were fitted, and Dunlop non-slipping tyres were very wisely selected, in order that everything about the car might be of home manufacture. The total involuntary stops were 49 mins., 30 secs.; 7 mins. for cleaning platinum points of one trembler, 12 mins. for adjusting ignition, 30 mins. for dust in petrol-pipe, and 30 secs. for dust in carburetter-pipe. Rain fell heavily on 11 days, it was

foggy on 4 days, and blew a gale of wind 5 days. The roads were dry only on 5 days of the whole run.

So the date of the Tourist Trophy Race for 1906 has been fixed for Sept. 27. A date in May had been suggested, but clearly this was not advisable, by reason of the very short period it gave the makers to design and construct cars which will perform in accordance with the new conditions. The gentleman responsible for the design and construction of last year's winning car is of opinion that the 1906 regulations will result in the success of "freak" cars—that is, cars propelled by unconventional engines, through gears of unusual ratio; but these views are not shared by the designer and constructor of the car that ran into second place. Of course, we shall see what we shall see, but as last year's race produced in the placed cars three most satisfactory types of light touring-cars, I think the regulations of the contest of 1906 will make equally for good.

Whatever insurance canvassers may say to the contrary, I cannot but think that the premiums asked by insurance companies for almost any variety of risk in connection with motor-cars are very high, at least too high to be calmly contemplated by the man of moderate means. The stiff premiums are doubtless due to the absence of actuarial statistics with regard to the risks, and this being so, I wonder that a score or more motor car-owners have not joined in some scheme of mutual insurance, after the manner of yacht-owners. I heard that something of the kind was in course of arrangement a few months back, but no mention of it has been made of late.



A LADY WHO HAS DRIVEN IN NUMEROUS MOTOR-CAR RACES: MISS VICTORIA GODWIN ON A 20-H.P., 4-CYLINDER ARIEL-SIMPLEX.

Miss Godwin is frequently seen at the steering-wheels of Ariels. The medal inserted in the corner of the photograph is that won by her at Brighton, and is the second prize for Event Number 5.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE TOOTHPICK BRIGADE—THE RACEHORSE OWNERS' ASSOCIATION—AN AMATEUR RIDER—THE ACCEPTANCES.

LORD MARCUS BERESFORD, who takes such a keen interest in the Racehorse Owners' Association, is an Equerry to the King and manages His Majesty's stud. Lord Marcus was a good cross-country rider at one time of day, but he considered it time to give up riding in steeplechases after being nearly drowned

at one of the Devonshire meetings. Lord Marcus belongs to the toothpick brigade—that is to say, he is always nibbling away at a toothpick. Lord Cholmondeley and Mr. Arthur Coventry do the same, and George Williamson always rides races with a toothpick between his teeth. But to hark back to the Racehorse Owners' Association, I think that in time it will become a very useful institution, without in any way infringing the rights of the Jockey Club, which, after all, must remain the supreme governing power in all that appertains to the sport of kings. I have for years agitated

Captain Campbell, who came in for no end of congratulations from his friends. If I remember aright, the horse won again the following day. He was little and very useful; but I for one did not think he would ever get over the Aintree course. He did, though, and won comfortably from Father O'Flynn and Biscuit, although I thought the second might have been first with a professional jockey up.

It does not follow because the acceptances have been declared for the spring handicaps that owners are forthwith to give orders for their commissions to be worked. Indeed, smart people owning useful handicap horses do not nowadays attempt to back their fancies until the eve of the race. When Dumbarton Castle won the Stewards' Cup he was not backed for a penny piece by the stable until the draw had become known, and the same applies to Queen's Holiday, who ran away with the Wokingham Stakes last year at Ascot. When the betting opened 10 to 1 could have been had about the Netheravon candidate, but directly the stable intentions became known the filly hardened into a 5 to 2 chance. I mention these facts to show that often fools rush in where angels fear to tread in the matter of the early betting on the spring handicaps. But let us get on with the 'osses and cut the cackle. The acceptance for the Lincoln Handicap is an excellent one, and I congratulate Mr. Ord on the result of his efforts. Veda has gone, and the horse may be wanted for the Liverpool Cup, but he is hardly likely to beat Ypsilante at Aintree. I have had big tips for Csardas, Avebury, and Dumbarton Castle. The latter is now trained by J. Powney at Netheravon, and if he can stay the mile he is very likely to win. Avebury is in at a nice weight. He is very fast and useful at all distances. A good field of starters for the Grand National is assured, and it is to be hoped that plenty of jockeys will be available. Nothing of any note has gone out of the race, so the market is bound to be a strong one on the day of the race. I am still of the opinion that Kirkland will beat all the heavy-weights, although Drumcree has an advantage in the handicap. Buffalo Bill and Buckaway II. are almost certain to get over the course, and Phil May should do better than he did last year. It is a far cry to the City and Suburban, and at present I can only



BEFORE THE GAME THAT LED TO THE PROPOSED ABOLITION OF AMERICAN FOOTBALL: MR. ROOSEVELT JUNR., SON OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, GIVING HIS WEIGHT.

Photograph by the Boston Photo. News Co.

in favour of cheaper railway-fares, free forage, and the abolition of jockeys' retainers, and I do hope that the new association will include these as planks in their platform. They should go further, and agitate for the conditions of races being made simpler, while they might suggest to the Jockey Club that clerks of the scales should see that all weights carried are the right ones and that the entries of all horses are perfect, so that no objections on that score can be made after a race. Why not adopt a suggestion made by Lord Cadogan twenty years back, that in selling-races all horses should be liable to be claimed for the fund before the start? This would give all the little owners the chance of getting rid of their horses, whereas under existing conditions many horses entered tumble up against an animal that is bought in after winning for, say, £500.

Now that the field for the Grand National is likely to be almost a record one, the amateur riders will be in great demand, and I hope they will keep themselves fit for the fray. Often at Aintree, one sees a good horse lose a steeplechase because the jockey is beaten. It may be as well to note here that no amateur has been successful in the Grand National since Captain Campbell of the 9th Lancers rode The Soarer to victory in 1896. In that race Manifesto was favourite, and he fell at the first fence after the start, or rather I should say he was knocked over through the crowding of the twenty-eight competitors to the centre of the plain brush obstacle. This was a bitter disappointment to Mr. H. M. Dyas, who had told all his friends to be on the good thing. Captain Campbell, who rode the winner, was a very fine jockey, with a good eye and plenty of confidence. In the previous autumn I happened to meet my old friend Robert P'Anson in London, when he casually mentioned that a smart Irish gelding was jumping the fences at Sandown with a view to competing at a forthcoming meeting there. I went down to Esher to see The Soarer run on the day, and he won very easily, being ridden by a blushing young subaltern, who seemingly had never been on a racecourse before, as he had to be directed to the weighing-in enclosure. The rider was



THE RESULT OF A GAME OF AMERICAN FOOTBALL: PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S SON BEING CARRIED OFF THE FIELD AFTER HAVING BEEN KNOCKED OUT IN THE GAME BETWEEN HARVARD AND YALE FRESHMEN.

As we noted in "The Sketch" at the time, young Roosevelt's first important game of American football left him considerably damaged, so much so, in fact, that there was a talk of abolishing the game at the Universities. The only result of this, however, seems to have been Columbia's decision that it should not be played by its undergraduates.

Photograph by the Boston Photo. News Co.

suggest that the top-weight, St. Amant, is doing good work, and is very likely to win. I like Stephanas for the Great Metropolitan, although Imari, as a Chester Cup winner, should not be despised. The Jubilee Stakes will be run for on May 12. At present I like Best Light and Ambition. The latter won this race last year.—CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our second "City Notes" page.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THAT telephones are miraculously comforting and convenient there is not a doubt, but that, like everything else sublunary, they possess possibilities for abuse as well as use no one can deny. Already, for instance, the telephone has been pressed into the service of professional thieves to such an extent that jewellers are obliged to use the utmost caution in receiving orders or executing them. Some of the principal stores flatly decline to recognise telephone commands, and issue printed notices to that effect. An awkward case of practical joking comes into the story too—where a girl received last week a gorgeous bouquet of orchids, and writing to an undeclared but admiring friend her pretty note of thanks, received his astonished disclaimer. By next post arrived an amazing bill, and it then transpired that the bouquet had been ordered by telephone in Captain So-and-So's name. Several similar cases are reported by various other unfortunates, and it would seem as though some sort of repressive legislation were really necessary to prevent such crude methods of trickery becoming more general. As the law stands, telephonic communications seem to have no fixed place, and one hears of a certain Judge summing them up as not binding, while another regards them as ranking with written words.

These are piping times for the newspapers. Scarcely have the amazements of the elections subsided than a Royal and romantic engagement ensues. It is interesting to remember that though the Queen of Spain is necessarily a Roman Catholic by all the laws of its ancient Constitution, no sudden, and perforce inevitable, "change over" will occur in Princess Ena's case, as in that of the Tsaritsa, who, brought up in the Anglican Church, joined the Greek on her marriage.

amusing to see Mr. Winston Churchill's face when, at the Court Theatre some evenings since, Bernard Shaw's brilliant political pyrotechnics flew about—admirably delivered by Mr. Louis Calvert as Andrew Undershaft. Accompanied by the Duchess of Marlborough, in a magnificent lace gown and long chinchilla cloak, and surrounded by many personal friends who happened to sit in neighbouring stalls,



A WHITE CLOTH CASINO DRESS.

As a favourite goddaughter of the Empress Eugénie, Princess Ena has long been *en rapport* with the tenets of the Roman Catholic Church, and it seems in the poetic fitness of things that the Empress, herself a Spaniard, should see in her little friend the future Queen of her beloved country.

Propos of those dreadful elections, where tragedies were at least as many as the very plentiful comedies, it was more than



[Copyright.]

AN EARLY SPRING PROMENADE GOWN.

the strenuous young politician was the centre of almost as much amusement as the play itself. "Major Barbara" is deservedly drawing all London to laughter, and if people could remember even half the clever things it contains, forthcoming dinner-parties would be considerably enlivened for many months to come.

To those enviable persons who are hastening their departure for Egypt, the Riviera, or other sunshiny paradises, an opportunity of unusual attractiveness presents itself in the fact that for the first time in the eighty years John Pound and Co. have sold trunks, bags, and dressing-cases, a great sale is to be held from the 5th to the 17th of February in each of the shops, 211, Regent Street, 67, Piccadilly, 177, Tottenham Court Road, as well as the City house in Leadenhall Street. This sale will be a notable one, inasmuch as large and genuine reductions will be the order of the day. Silver-fitted dressing-bags, purses, bags, and articles in leather and silver innumerable will be included, while the occasion embraces a large stock of jewellery and watches which have been abnormally marked down. John Pound's premises will therefore be essentially places to visit during the twelve days of sale time.

West Africa, not to be lagging in the van of the progressive South, has built itself a Metropole Hotel at Sekondi, with a cuisine of high merit and astonishing variety, as one would naturally expect in that country of unicorns and griffins.

Occasionally, it is true, water becomes more than ordinarily precious, when tea and coffee are not, and lager or Apollinaris are gratefully resorted to. What, indeed, would thirsty mortals do without Apollinaris in all corners of this planet, whether hot or cold?

Meanwhile, as the *South African World* facetiously reminds us, when such rare interludes and interruptions in the even-tenour tea occur the visitors at Sekondi take so kindly to "Polly" that they are with difficulty induced to relinquish it when the water flows again.

A fresh interest will be given housewives with the hygienic habit of using Liebig's Extract in their homes by the announcement of the Lemco Company (which is short for L. E. M. Co.) that the new seven-and-sixpenny edition of Mrs. Beeton's "Household Management" will be presented free to those sending them a certain number of the Lemco weight-coupons, which are found under the capsule of each jar. Those, therefore, who make use of this excellent and nourishing meat-extract should set themselves and their friends to collect the tokens for which such a handsome and useful equivalent is offered.

Peter Robinson's Great White Sale, which starts on the 12th of the month, offers superlative attractions to those whose linen-cupboard or dower-chest stands in need of replenishment. For although a considerable rise has taken place in both cotton and linen, the articles which are now to be sold off were ordered months before the rise, and are therefore at exceptional prices. Besides every dainty detail of women's lingerie, hundreds of exquisite robes are included in the sale—white silk, taffetas, pongee, embroidered muslin, lace, cambric and what-not. Then there are dozens of bewitching blouses and petticoats, besides the less personal but equally necessary linen of the household. Lastly an immense stock of muslin curtains at extraordinarily reduced prices will be available, and foolish will be the hausfrau who does not betake herself to this Great White Opportunity.

Mrs. Adair, of 90, New Bond Street, Paris, Monte Carlo, and New York, has done many things for her generation in smoothing out wrinkles, brightening tired eyes, filling out hollows, restoring lost curves of beauty, and generally by natural but miraculously effective means preserving to woman her most precious corporeal possession—beauty. Now by the introduction of what are called Ganesh reducing-straps, Mrs. Adair offers to restore the thin outlines of youth to those leaning towards embonpoint, or what is known in the vulgar tongue as "middle-age spread," without the self-denial of meagre dietary or the other usual remedial inconveniences. All that need be done is to wear the Ganesh reducing-straps at night, and a gradual restoration of grace and contour are the result. It should be borne in mind that the medical profession quite approve of this harmless method, which is more effective and permanent than all the drastic remedies hitherto employed.

The creator of Elsa in Wagner's "Lohengrin" has just died in Germany, at an advanced age. She was Fräulein Rosa von Milde, and as Rosa Gathe sang in the first performance of "Lohengrin" on Aug. 28, 1850, her husband, Hans Feder von Milde, taking the part of Telramund, and the Abbé Liszt being the conductor. Rosa Gathe was the daughter of one of the Court musicians, and was born at Weimar in 1825. She made her first appearance at the Royal Opera House at Weimar in 1845, and did not finally quit the stage until 1867. She possessed a very high and clear soprano, and sang with much expression.

The Queen of Mi-Carême, says our Paris correspondent, is eighteen years of age; she has pretty features, blue eyes and light auburn hair. Her name is Marie Albaret and she sells fish in the Paris Central Markets. Her dames-of-honour are a brune and a blonde. Heredity counts, it seems, even in the democratic sovereign of a day. Marie Albaret has a sister, who has already been "Reine des Reines." The carnival this year will be more sumptuous than ever before. There will be Italian queens, Spanish and Portuguese queens, besides the queens of Paris representing each market. Twenty great cars drawn by teams of from six to eight horses will pass along the streets of the gay French capital on the afternoon of March 22. Fifteen hundred people will be in the procession, and there will be three

hundred on horseback. The *clou* of the cavalcade will be the car representing Peace and the Union of the Nations. Let us hope no events will occur at Algeciras to render the allusion ironical. London has had, as it were, first view of the queens, for from their fair hands the ædiles of the County Hall received some charming bouquets when they went on solemn visit to the Halles.

Lord Aberdeen, who has gone back to Ireland as Viceroy, was in his early years a Conservative. In 1879, when he was thirty-two, he left the Carlton Club, and in later years he was proud to call himself a Gladstonian. He was one of Mr. Gladstone's most attached admirers. Probably the friendship was inherited from his grandfather, in whose government the future Home Ruler was Chancellor of the Exchequer. Lady Aberdeen, who is a sister of Lord Tweedmouth, is very pleased by her return to Ireland, where her social gifts will have full play. Their eldest son, Lord Haddo, fought a forlorn hope in East Berkshire at the General Election. Another of their sons has been learning marine engineering in Aberdeen. The only daughter, Lady Marjorie, is married to Captain Sinclair, the Secretary for Scotland.

The Paris Municipal Councillors have opened a new kind of school—a school for the corset. They have decided that this subtle arrangement of whalebone and cloth is an "article de Paris," and, as such, should be encouraged. Hence it is necessary to give technical instruction in a professional school, which will be labelled "École du Corset." This new institution is situated in the Rue Fondary. But it needs a professor to teach deft fingers how to form the feminine cuirass. Applications from both sexes have poured in. The committee charged with the appointment has resolved to hold an examination. Each candidate will have to give proof of his or her ability to encase the feminine figure divine according to the latest fashion. Consequently, he must demonstrate before the committee, and with the use of living models. The City Fathers are all anxious to be on that committee. Can you wonder at it?

A concert in aid of the Bishop of London's Fund will be given at the Caxton Hall, Westminster, on Monday, the 12th, by the Ladies' Diocesan Orchestra. Among the artistes programmed to appear is Mr. Lionel Tertis, who will render viola solos.

Koh-i-Noor pencils represent the high-water mark of excellence in pencil-manufacture. They can be had in a variety of styles, such as the propelling pocket pencils, etc., which are supplied in H.B. and copying leads. There is a range of seventeen degrees in Koh-i-Noors, so that a selection to suit a particular taste is readily made.

Every motorist who is interested in non-skid tyres—and what motorist is not?—should test the "Goodrich non-skid," which is manufactured entirely of rubber, and is guaranteed positive in starting and stopping, and 90 per cent. puncture-proof. The tread is vulcanised to the cover, and it is claimed that it does not destroy the life of the tyre. On smooth roads it is particularly fast; it throws up less mud than either a plain or a corrugated one, and it is sound in material and in construction. Messrs. B. F. Goodrich Co., 7, Snow Hill, E.C., are the manufacturers of the patent.

The London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway announce that a Pullman drawing-room car is running to London in the week-day train leaving Bognor at 7.48 a.m., Littlehampton 7.50 a.m., Worthing 8.22 a.m., and Hove 8.36 a.m., and also in the train leaving London Bridge at 4 p.m. for Hove, Worthing, and Littlehampton. Passengers holding

first-class tickets may use this luxuriously fitted car on payment of a shilling for each seat occupied.

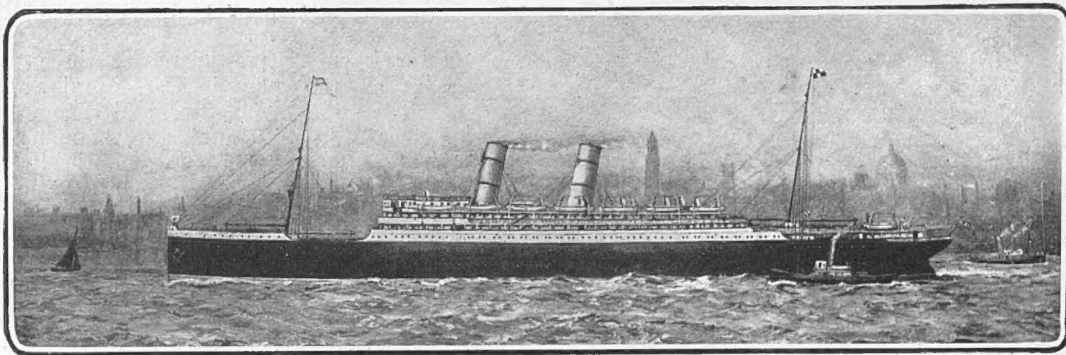
Messrs. Scrubb and Co., Limited, manufacturers of Scrubb's Ammonia, have recently taken large manufacturing premises in New York and started a business in that city. The works are now in full swing, and from the present demand there is every prospect that the virtues of Scrubb's will be appreciated as much in America as they are here.



THE CITY OF LONDON'S GIFT TO
H.M.S. "MERCURY."

The loving cup illustrated above is one of two presented by the Corporation of the City of London to the officers of H.M.S. "Mercury," and is a fine specimen of the silversmith's art. The cups were designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company, Ltd., 112, Regent Street, London, W.

SYBIL.



THE LATEST ADDITION TO THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY'S FLEET: THE TWIN-SCREW STEAMER "EMPRESS OF BRITAIN."

The "Empress of Britain" is sister to the "Empress of Ireland," and the two vessels are the largest and fastest running to Canada. The "Empress of Britain" was launched in November of last year, and is a twin-screw vessel of 14,500 tons and 18,000-h.p. Her sea speed is 18 knots, with a reserve of two knots. She has eight complete decks, the upper promenade being approximately 300 feet long, and the lower promenade extending clear to stern. The ventilating and heating arrangements are an especial feature.

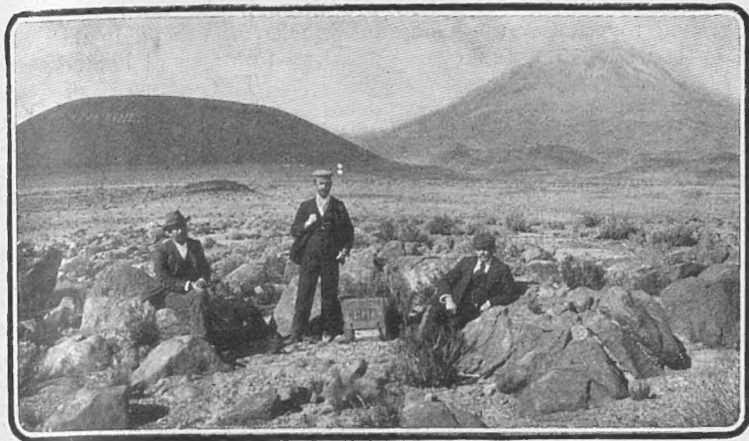
The "Empress of Britain" is likely to make her maiden voyage in May.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Feb 20.

AMERICANS.

FROM an American engineer, over here from New York for a brief holiday, we learn that the attitude of the United States public towards the Wall Street market is one of calm confidence, mixed with no gambling madness, but with the frequently expressed opinion that present prices are in the main justified by the prosperity of the country. This statement somewhat traverses the warnings contained in circulars of Wall Street brokers, and in a few of the best-class journals, but its impartiality cannot be impugned. Assuming it to be correct, the aspect of the American Market



VOLCAN DE OLLAGUE, ON THE FRONTIER LINE BETWEEN CHILI AND BOLIVIA.

becomes changed, because operators are proceeding upon the idea that Yankees must be considered as being now at inflated altitudes, and that a bad crash will come sooner or later. If, however, these prices can be defended, then there is really no reason why a further bull movement should not continue to force quotations along. America is prospering in a wholesale fashion, and, as we were saying last week, the big houses are remarkably united. While we admit apprehension of what may come upon the market if anything happened to start forced selling, there is nothing in the immediate outlook to cause modification of the previously expressed impression that the slump is not yet.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

Every member of the Stock Exchange who wishes to see "His House in Order" will welcome the additions to the present Rules, which involve the repealing of many archaically worded regulations and the substitution thereof of others more in keeping with the modern spirit. It is now to be a rule that we must not advertise: perhaps most of us were unaware of the fact that hitherto this rule had not been a Rule, but capital letters make a deal of difference.

They are all asking what the Liberal Government will do with regard to South Africa and the Chinese Labour problem. It is really difficult to clear one's vision of the different misrepresentations aroused by party passion and prejudice, but with the elections well out of the way, a few sane considerations may be ventured. In the first place, the Government is not in the least likely to risk the loss of the new Colonies by any faddist legislation. There is no reason to doubt, in the reasonable mind, that the admittedly difficult problem will be approached in a broad and statesmanlike manner, with due regard paid to the necessity for harmonising the good of the country with the variety of private interests connected with the points under discussion. Is it common-sense to suppose that, for the sake of vote-snatching, two fair Colonies are to be placed in jeopardy—now that the election is over?

On the other hand, the Liberal Government must do something to prove its partial sincerity in using such a handle with which to dish its opponents. The latter, in pamphlet and lampoon, made out that the lot of the Chinaman was far superior to that of the indentured coolie labourer in British Guiana, for whose expulsion from the Colony no party has ever clamoured. Up to a point that is true; but, the heat of election having passed, the fair-minded man who studies the question will be led to the conclusion that the Guiana Ordinance is really far better than that of the Transvaal, inasmuch as it allows the labourer, after his term of "slavery," to settle in the Colony and become a citizen if he likes, whereas, of course, the Heathen Chinese must be packed off to his native squalor at the end of his indentures. The Indian Government absolutely refused to allow its coolie subjects to go to the Transvaal on the terms subsequently embodied in the Ordinance under which the Chinese were imported; and, to sum up, the Liberals will surely direct their efforts towards some measure as will govern the labour conditions on lines like those prevailing in British Guiana. The Chinaman looks as though he were a temporary permanency, if the paradox may be permitted, on the Rand, because it is very hard to see how any single class can be benefited, now that he is there, by his expulsion. But it is all on the cards that the terms of his contract—or of future contracts—will be radically altered, despite the howls of the people in whose hands the Rand rests. All this business will take a long time to settle up, and it may be months before anything approaching the outline of a decision can be expected to emerge from the present chaotic darkness.

In short, Kaffirs will be a muddle-headed market for months—up one day and down one week. At least, so I think.

January passed by without producing a single Stock Exchange failure, although several names slipped out of the membership book for divers reasons. The cry is, still they come, and these new members' nominations are steadily on the rise. Some men growl at the increase of competition: the old, old story—it was ever thus. For instance:

"And I've knowed her, Betsy Prig, when he has hurt her feelin' 'art by sayin' of his Ninth that it was one too many, if not two, while the dear innocent was cooin' in his face, which thrive it did, though bandy; but I've never know'd as you had occagion to be glad, Betsy, on account of Mrs. Harris," and so on.

Of course, it wouldn't matter a bit if clients increased in the same proportion as the brokers; but they don't, although one is bound to admit that the customers are

quite ready to look at good investments with a kindly eye nowadays—a thing they had obvious reasons for not doing some little while back. That advice to buy South-Eastern Preferred stock is very sound. The price is 130½; but will be immediately ex the dividend of 4½ per cent., bringing the quotation to 126. For 1905 the South-Eastern has paid 5 per cent. on the stock, on which basis the return to a buyer is a few pence under 4 per cent. But it is a 6 per cent. stock, and all the probabilities point to the full rate being paid in a year or two, so that the attractions combine a possible rise of one per cent. in the dividend with the manifest improvement in price that such an event would produce. The South-Eastern is doing well, is being managed with enterprise, and bids fair to meet its full obligations on the Preferred stock, say, within the next three years.

Norfolk and Western shares have had a sharp rise since they were tipped here as a speculative investment. I don't think they ought to be sold just yet. And Atchisons have good chances for another run.

He is a lordly rag-merchant, brooking no resistance to an imperious will. The City Editor and he had a kind of agreement of three months' notice on either side, and he thought he could say just what he pleased. Therefore, on becoming exasperated one day, he exclaimed, "Take a month's notice!" The City Editor turned round in a flash: "You be damned! Take a week's notice from me!" and out he strode. Curiously enough, the episode has not been mentioned in some of the halfpenny papers.

Bucket-shops that flourish upon the system of taking call-money on options must be doing amazingly well out of the Home Railway market. They puff up Home Rails in their artfully concocted literature: they point to all the glittering points on the horizon that cast their wintry gleams upon the market and say, "Options are the things! Buy a call option!" To do so is the height of folly. The chances are enormously against you, and in favour of the bucket-shop. I should hesitate very much to advise the purchase of Home Rails at the present time as a mere gamble, to be contangoed, although fully persuaded that prices are in many cases cheap—cheap enough to buy at if the purchaser will take up his stock and nurse it. Districts—on merits—are still dear, but Metropolitan should be watched, because if it falls to 80 it will be worth picking up. Central London Deferred is on the up grade, you may have observed, O friends who bought when I told you to do so, when the price was five points lower. The disappointment over the Midland dividend may keep the Heavy stocks heavier for a few more months, unless the Brum or Western announcements should be particularly good. The Southern lines seem to offer the cheapest stocks.

Vanity, vanity, all is vanity. Of writing many lines there is no end, and much scribbling is a weariness of the flesh. "Oh, that my words were now written!" sighed Job. "Oh, that they were printed in a book!" But Job had patience, and bullshiness of that virtue was never ascribed, even by his Mother, to

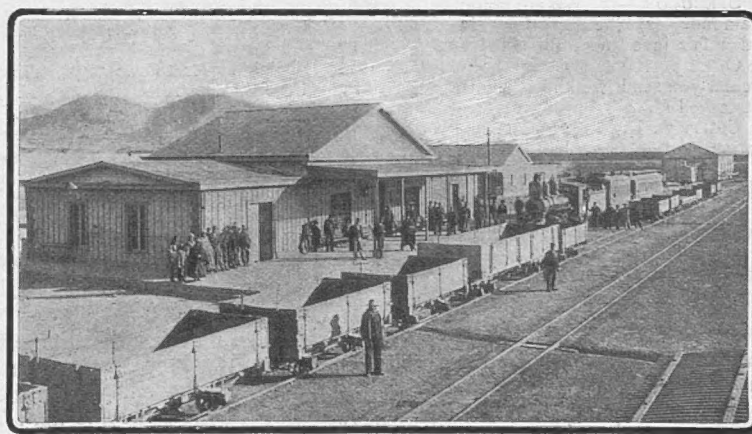
THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

TWO TRUST COMPANIES.

Two of the Trust Companies to which I directed your readers' attention in August last year have issued their reports and held their meetings this week and last, and it is gratifying to observe that in both cases the reports are most excellent and the dividends have been increased. I give below the dividends paid for 1905 and 1904 respectively, and the price of the Deferred stocks of the two Companies now and in August 1905—

	Dividend, 1904.	Dividend, 1905.	Price, August 1905.	Present Price.
Foreign and Colonial Deferred ..	6½ ..	7 ..	122 ..	132½
River Plate and General Deferred 4½ ..	5½ ..	96 ..	110½	

To take the smaller Company first, the income of the River Plate and General Trust Company for 1905 amounted to £29,264, as against £26,894 for 1904, and the report contains the following important statement—"The Trustees congratulate the stockholders on the fact that the valuation of the assets at the close of the year shows that the Company's Capital and Reserve Fund are now intact, and that there is besides a very substantial surplus," while the auditors append a note to the effect that "the valuation of the investments as on Dec. 31 shows a total of £601,452." As the issued capital of the Company is only £500,000, there is a surplus of over £100,000. In other words, if it were possible to distribute the Company's assets among the stockholders and the 4½ per cent. Preference stock could be paid off at £110, there would remain £130 per cent. for the Deferred stock. At the general meeting on the 29th inst. the chairman stated that a further moderate increase in income might be expected for the current year. The only criticism which can be fairly urged against the company is that its capital is rather small, and this seems eminently a case in



ORURO, PRESENT TERMINUS OF THE ANTOFAGASTA RAILWAY.

which an issue of Debenture stock to the extent of, say, half the issued capital might be of advantage to both classes of shareholders in broadening the basis of the Trust and strengthening its position generally.

The report of the Foreign and Colonial Trust is, as usual, excellent. The net revenue for the year is £132,902, against £130,290 in 1904; and after paying 6½ per cent. for four years, the Directors have felt able to increase the distribution to 7 per cent. At the same time the capital reserve account has been raised to £612,564. Out of a total of 280 investments over which the Company's capital is distributed, there are only 12 which have not paid a dividend in 1905; while at the meeting yesterday the Chairman stated that not only were the capital and the capital reserve intact, but that there was a balance over of £200,000. I wrote in August: "The Company has a splendid list of investments, and the Deferred stock should go in time to £150." I can only repeat this with greater conviction to-day. Q.

P.S.—The Waihi Company has issued an excellent report this week of the developments on the seventh level, and declared the usual 3s. dividend. Some nonsense has been written in the papers as to a bonus being expected this quarter. The bonus, of course, is paid in June.

Feb. 3, 1906.

FOREIGN RAILWAY STOCKS.

For Argentine Railway issues to show some slight signs of wobbling is readily explainable on the grounds of dear money, local strikes, and a bull account quite large enough to be conveniently carried. The Contango of 6 or 6½ per cent. on these stocks looks pretty stiff when prices begin to come down, although it did not so much matter when buoyancy was the order of the day. Bulls who have been running their accounts perhaps a trifle too long are now on the watch for good opportunities to realise, and, until money becomes cheaper, the market may have to suffer some slight depression. It is the fortunate lot of Antofagasta Company's stock to have almost escaped the contagion of dullishness generally imparted to it when Argentine Rails—dealt in in the same department—are weaker. Investors are holding their stock with tenacity, and the Deferred stock went up smartly on a very small inquiry last week. United of Havana stock has fallen very heavily upon prolonged liquidation by stale bulls. There is little more than this to account for the weakness of the price, and as the Company pays 10 per cent., the yield to a buyer at, say, 180, comes to 5½ per cent. on the money. Directly the stale account is appreciably lessened there should be a quick recovery in the price of the stock. Mexican descriptions keep their end up with surprising strength for such volatile stocks. Some recession would not surprise us, although we look for ultimately higher values in the Mexican Railway stocks and in Inter-oceanic of Mexico issues also. The Company's "B" Debenture, practically an income stock, received 5½ per cent. for 1905, and is entitled to 7 per cent., with the off-chance of being redeemed at 120. As the price is now four or five points over par, scope for a further advance, given good traffic receipts, obviously exists.

Saturday, Feb. 3, 1906.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WEYMOUTH.—We should prefer the Midland Pref. Thank you for reprint of the report of the meeting of Tarry and Co. We note what you say as to value of freeholds.

DELBURN.—The 6 per cent. debentures of the United States Brewing Company, or the shares of John Wright, and Eagle Range Company, Limited, would suit you well.

SPECULATOR.—(1) We are holders at 14, and do not intend to sell. See answer to Diamond. (2) The Jap 4½ or, in fact, any of the Jap loans are reasonably safe, and a fair investment for a lady.

O. C. J.—Have nothing to do with the so-called Bank. As to the touts whose circular you send, we know they threatened to plead the Gaming Act when a friend of ours asked for £150 profit due, and he was obliged to take half to settle the matter.

CENTRAL INCOMES.—The bonds depend on the receipts of the Central Northern section, and are not a bad speculative purchase. The holders got 3½ last year.

DIAMOND.—The market is divided; one section declares all is right, and the other that all is wrong. We are holders, and intend to see it out.

J. R. T.—Yes. The return is about £6 2s. 6d. per cent. You risk being drawn, and paid off at a loss.

OASIS.—(1) We think so (see answer to "Diamond"). (2) Esperanza are a good speculative mining purchase. (3) The Preference shares; but if you like a real gamble, buy the others.

At the annual general meeting of Friswell, Limited, the directors recommended the payment of the dividend on the Preference shares, and a further dividend of 50 per cent. on the Ordinary shares for the six months ending Dec. 31, making 75 per cent. (less income tax for the year 1905).

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

Sport at Leicester rarely soars above the mediocre stage, but good entries have been received for this week's meeting. I think Tom West will run well for the Mapperley Steeplechase, Kibrit may capture the Hinckley Hurdle, and Royal Drake should go close for the Wigston Steeplechase. Nonex looks likely to win the Evington Steeplechase, and Epicurus is said to be a good thing for the Gopsall Hurdle Race. Mount Prospect may capture the February Hurdle Race, Noble Lad the Harrington Steeplechase, and Lord Cork the Novices' Steeplechase. There should be good racing at Sandown, where St. Anselm may win the Grand Prize. The other events may suit some of the following: Mole Steeplechase, What Next; Ripley Steeplechase, Sunburnt; Village Hurdle, Donna Christina; Cardinal Hurdle, Quassia; Woking Hurdle, Affinity; Metropolitan Hurdle, Magic Lad; and Farnham Steeplechase, Sweetheart III.

P. S.—Dumbarton Castle and Kirkland is the favourite double just now.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"FOR THE WHITE COCKADE," by the author of "Sweet Doll of Haddon Hall" (Long), is really a supremely good story of its kind. It is never dry or heavy with detail, as so many books of this type often are, and the tide of action flows steadily on to the end. As for the circumstances, they are brimful of romance. Mr. J. E. Muddock, the writer, tells us in his preface that among the many characters who played a conspicuous part in the dark tragedy which culminated in the carnage at Culloden, the figure of Simon Fraser, who behaved treacherously to the Pretender during the Rebellion of 1715, seemed the most noticeable. The remarkable career of Lord Lovat is followed with some accuracy and woven into a romantic love-story. Atmosphere and colouring perhaps owe their excellence to the fact that Mr. Muddock made extensive journeys through the northern parts of Scotland to visit all the places of import mentioned in the novels. That is why the moors over which the forlorn and hunted Frasers wandered are so well described, no doubt. The love-story of Sybilla, Lovat's daughter, and Maurice Anson, of the King's troops, is fraught with danger so intense that every step of the way is peril. Stolen meetings, treachery and death all play their parts in this thrilling story. Congratulations to Mr. Muddock. Those journeys in Northern Scotland were worth while.

An amusing little curtain-raiser could easily be written around the plot of Mr. S. R. Keightly's new novel, "Barnaby's Bridal" (Long). It is not humour of the first order, but it is very good fun all the same, though every now and then the author scarcely pulls the thing through. This book should be read by anyone who is suffering from a slight depression, for it will help to pass an amusing half-hour. Barnaby, an old bachelor worried by the interference of his officious and excellent landlady, resolves on matrimony. This is not his only rashness. He agrees to help his friend, Captain Bowlby, a quaint figure, in proposing to Miss Cox, the lady of Bowlby's affections. The result is that Barnaby advertises for a wife and also calls on Miss Cox to smooth Bowlby's path. Miss Cox thinks Barnaby wished to marry her himself, and, to his extreme embarrassment, accepts with joy. Then at home is the enraged housekeeper, of whom Barnaby stands in much awe, wrathfully answering the bell to various determined spinsters and widows who have arrived in answer to the advertisement. The situation hourly grows more terrible, and the end of it all is that Barnaby flies to Eastbourne and poor Bowlby falls into the clutches of the indomitable housekeeper. A merry little comedy. But we grieve for the fate of the ruddy-faced Captain, though no doubt he was admirably looked after.

"Soul Tragedy," by Lucas Cleeve (Long), will undoubtedly suit many readers. It is a thoughtful study of temperament, and there is a quotation of Maeterlinck which recurs over and over again: "It is well to believe that there needs but a little more thought, a little more courage, more love, more devotion to life, a little more eagerness, one day to fling open wide the portals of joy and truth." The situation is this. Lilian Ralph, a good and earnest wife full of the highest ideals, thinks it her duty to tell her husband that she does not care for him as much as for another man who has recently entered her life. There is a grave breach between the Ralphs after this confession, although Lilian promises to put the man Conyers out, right out of her life. This is the beginning, and, once fairly started, the story runs slowly from much unhappiness and perplexity to more unhappiness and perplexity. Lilian in the course of her dreary life, separated from all she loves (Conyers has married an actress and gone abroad), is for ever reflecting on Justice, Retribution, Ideals, and the like. Here is a sentence taken at random describing the husband and wife, a long sentence, but characteristic of the book: "Fools, fools that they were, both of them, beneath one roof, deploring over the bitterness of their fate, blaming each other's weakness, longing, daring, spurning, regardless of the fact that just what had come to them was fate, the destiny which they had failed in wisdom to encounter, unconscious of the pride which lay in the heart of each, the pride and the humiliation mingled, yet that above, beyond the humanity of it all, their very trials marked them out as those who were worthy to feel, to know, to intersee, to be purified by suffering, by sin, albeit they themselves had set the match to devastating fires." The conclusion of the whole matter is exceedingly noble from the somewhat distorted view of the novelist. The Ralphs are reconciled. To put it in plain, sensible English, they determine to go on together and make the best of it. Many women of the longing, daring, spurning type will rejoice in this book.

In the days of long, long ago, when the fair and stately castles that guarded the Eastern Marches of England were constantly besieged, there lived a gallant youth, Ralph Hamerton, who took his full share in the fighting and the feuds. He is the hero of Mr. R. H. Forster's worthy story, "The Arrow of the North," and the author does not let him off easily by any means. He has to wait for many sad years before he wins the lady of his choice, whose heart will ever be the same though her hair be white as the may on the hawthorn. The book is full of lights and shades, conspiracy, challenge, victory, defeat, imprisonment, battle, hope and despair, anxious waiting and clever plottings. But at last we find our hero kneeling on the blood-stained field of Flodden receiving knighthood, with his deadliest foe stiff and stark, and nothing betwixt him and his lady love. This is a good thrilling story of danger and adventure. (John Long.)